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Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

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BARON TAKES TEA WITH THE HON. MRS. DAVID WOODHOUSE

This happy, informal photograph of the Hon. Mrs. David Woodhouse and her daughters Lavinia, aged twelve and Caroline, nine, was taken at the family's charming 17th century Hertfordshire home, Walkern Old Rectory, by eminent photographer Baron. Mrs. Woodhouse, who is the wife of the Hon. James Allen David Woodhouse, spends much of her time supervising their extensive market garden and the farm which includes a prize herd of Justicetown Jerseys.

MRS. WOODHOUSE: I'm so glad you could come early, Baron. We've never had a barbecue before, but you see we're doing it properly—straw to sit on and all!

BARON: *Well, actually, it's* my *first barbecue, too, so I'm doubly delighted to be here. Whose idea was it—yours?*

MRS. WOODHOUSE: No, the girls—Lavinia and Caroline thought it up. They've done all the preparations too . . . worked like mad, haven't you darlings? I must say we all feel like a cup of tea while we're waiting . . . it takes such ages to prepare, this barbecue business. How about you Baron. Would you like a cup?

BARON: *Me? I'm always ready for a cup of tea. I suspect I drink more tea than anyone else in the country.*

MRS. WOODHOUSE: Well, I've got a nice surprise for you. The tea we're about to drink is Brooke Bond 'Choicest'. I know it's your favourite.

BARON: *You shouldn't have bothered . . . really . . .*

MRS. WOODHOUSE: Oh—I'm sorry—we didn't really get it specially for you. Actually we always have it. Awfully fresh and good, isn't it—and so blissfully accessible. Our local grocer stocks it. Milk or lemon?

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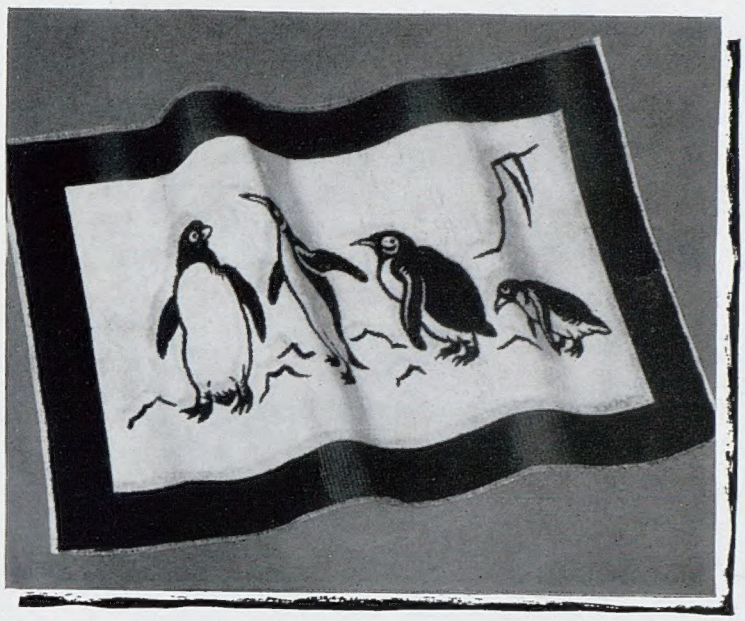

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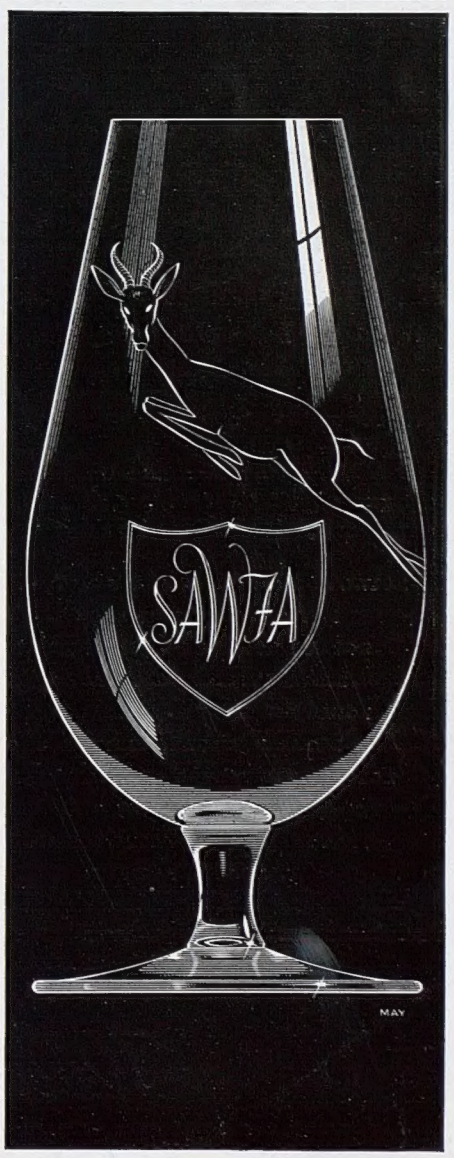
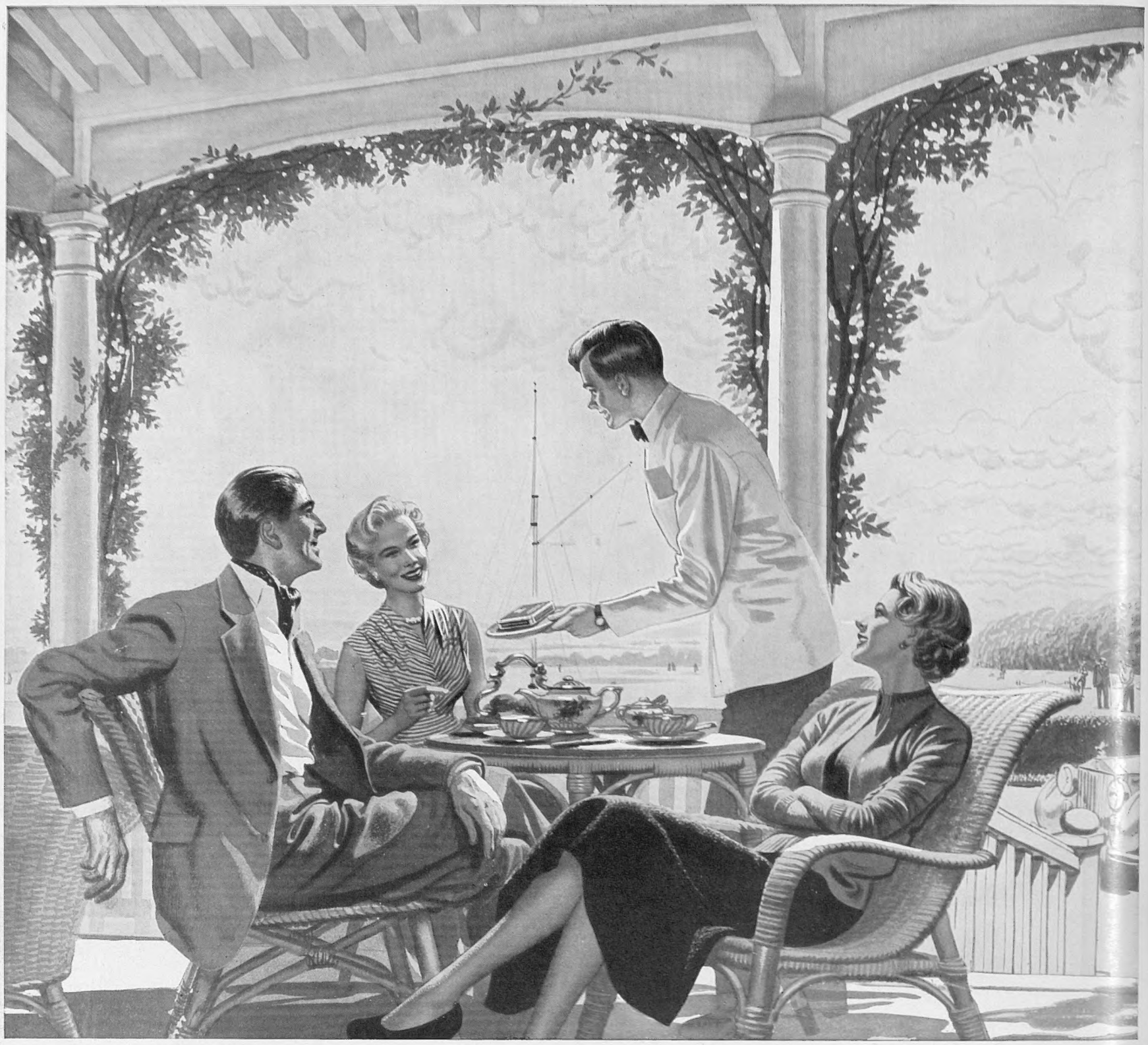


SOUTH AFRICAN SHERRY



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Volume CCXXVI No. 2946

The SPHERE, London, September 15, 1956

The SPHERE

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A FLYING TANKER "MOTHER" PLANE FEEDS ITS "YOUNG"—THE CONVAIR R3Y-2 TRADEWIND FLYING BOAT REFUELS FOUR GRUMMAN F9F-8 COUGAR JET FIGHTERS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY: This was the first multiple refuelling operation to be carried out from a flying boat, and took less than five minutes during exercises off the coast of California. The four refuelling pods on the tanker aircraft are at the wing tips and beneath the nacelles of the two outer engines. Three of the fighters are unpainted. The one on the left is finished in dark blue, a colour now abandoned by the United States Navy.

The Convair R3Y-2 Tradewind flying boat is one of a fleet of eleven which has been built for the United States Navy. When used as a flying tanker, it can carry enough fuel to supply eight fighter aircraft. The four flexible pipes trailing from its refuelling pods end in funnels. Each fighter carries on its nose a projecting tube which is inserted into one of the funnels, and through which fuel is drawn into the fighter's own tanks. The Tradewind can also be used as a transport aircraft, when it can carry four 155-mm. howitzers, or three lorries, or six Jeeps. An alternative load is over a hundred troops, or ninety-two stretcher cases with medical attendants. A peculiarity of the R3Y-2 is the hinged nose, which opens to admit freight. The machine is powered by four Allison turbo-prop engines, and has a top speed of about 350 m.p.h. The Grumman F9F-8 Cougar has a very large fuel capacity, and its Pratt and Whitney J48 jet engine gives it a maximum speed of 712 m.p.h. It is designed to operate from aircraft-carriers.

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HOTEL PERSONALITIES CONFER

A HOTEL PROPRIETOR EXHIBITS HIS ANTIQUITIES: Jack Gauer, proprietor of Hotel Schweizerhof, Berne, is seen explaining his antiquities to Mr. and Mrs. John Houser. Mr. Houser is executive vice-president of Hilton Hotels International and a member of the executive committee of the International Hotel Association. This committee met recently at the Hotel Negresco, in Nice, to organise the I.H.A. Congress which is to be held at Washington in November. More than 700 European hoteliers will meet their American counterparts, as well as delegates from all over the world. Among the items they will discuss are the development of the hotel industry in Europe and all its tourist aspects, as well as relations with travel agents; the simplification of visa formalities and facilities for banking, and recent technical advances and progress in the industry, with a view towards constantly improving conditions and facilities for tourists.

A MEETING WITH THE DEPUTY MAYOR OF NICE: Mr. Bosio is in conversation with M. Viers, president of the Departmental Union of Hoteliers of the Alpes-Maritimes, and M. Jacques Percepied, president of the Paris Hotel Association, and head of the French delegation.

TWO HOTEL PRESIDENTS: Dr. Franz Seiler is president of the Swiss Hotel Association and Mr. Villads Olsen is president of the Danish Hotel Association. Mr. Olsen is also this year's president of the I.H.A. *On right*—Mrs. J. G. Meijer, wife of the president of the Netherlands Hotel Association, is seen with Mr. O. G. Goring, director of the Goring Hotel, London, and Mr. Hugh Wontner, chairman of the Savoy Hotel group.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d.* (*or* $16), £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.* ($16 50 *cents in the U.S.A.*), £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. All terms above include postage.*

A London Newsletter

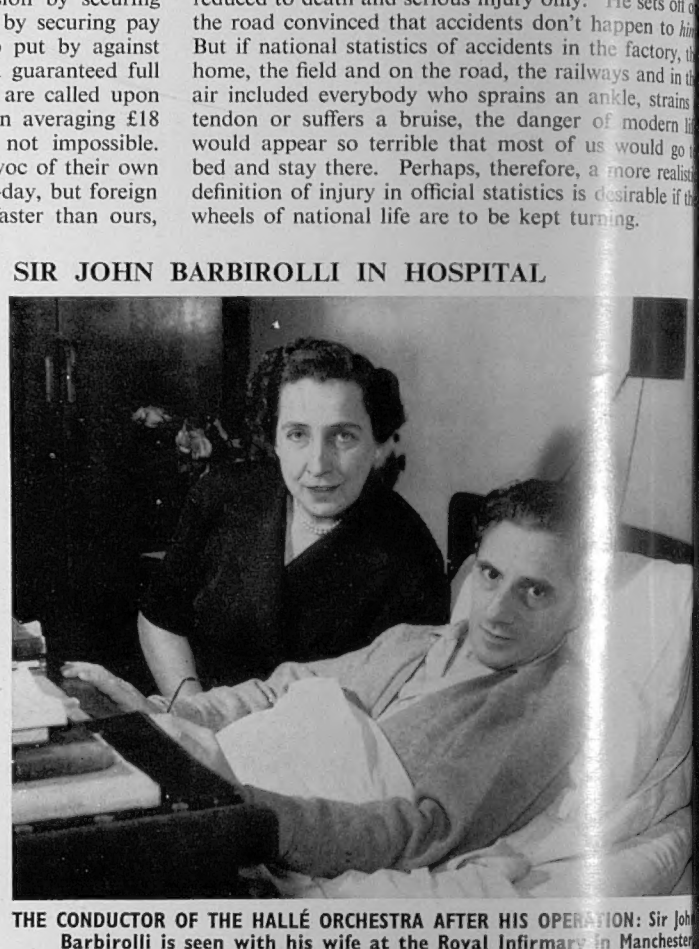
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Short-Term Security.—No one who is not intimately acquainted with pay and working conditions in a particular industry can possibly pronounce on the rights and wrongs of claims for pay increases or adjustments by workers. Conciliation machinery, controlled by experts, exists for that purpose. But anybody who has heeded the Chancellor's not-too-urgent warnings, and who has studied the monthly statistics of our trade balance, can form an opinion of what is necessary for British industry if it is to keep its head above water in present-day competition. The one essential is to keep at work. To strike, is to strike at the root of all industrial security. What is necessary is to maintain and increase orders in those industries now booming while those in recession struggle to revive. Shipping is still booming. The car industry is in recession. But the skilled workers of the Clyde, and no doubt of Tyneside, fail to view those facts nationally. To them the recession in the motor industry and the redundancy it has caused is a personal warning to make hay while the sun shines. They argue that the motor engineers should have planned ahead for recession by securing themselves against three-day weeks or by securing pay increases which would enable them to put by against bad times. They demand, therefore, a guaranteed full week whatever be the piece-work they are called upon to do. Most of the strikers have been averaging £18 a week, on which pittance saving is not impossible. This is not making hay but making havoc of their own security. Our shipyards may boom to-day, but foreign shipyards turn out good ships much faster than ours, and their prices are quite as attractive. A guaranteed full week is no security against a laid-off week following it. In terms of money, it equals out in a fortnight. In terms of striking, it simply kills the boom, cancels the orders on which the industry depends and hands those orders to our trade competitors. It is a primitive way of reasoning—to gamble two years of security for a week's security, to mortgage your home to buy a new tap-washer. It is a terribly serious business. In the brief interlude while Nasser is chewing the Suez grapes, the Premier is faced with a crisis hardly less grave. Would the Labour powers that met in Brighton spare a thought to the Chancellor's warnings and to all those parochial reactions to them?

At Brighton.—The Trades Union Congress opened with only one faintly hopeful sign. The cost of living is temporarily stabilised, very slightly receding. The Government has begun to implement its side of what should be a bargain. But it did not appear from Congress reports, at the time of writing, that the T.U.C. chiefs would decide to respond with even a mild hint of the wisdom of wage restraint. On the contrary, in the face of all the wild sectional talk which these conferences always evoke, the Congress seemed to pool the geysers and concentrate the hot air. Higher wages, they argued, are justified and must be paid for not by greater production, but by an unspecified nostrum of controls in a planned economy. If time were on our side, there might be justification: "Give us the tools (and votes) and we will do the job." But Labour is not in power nor likely to gain power for three vital years at least. Meanwhile Suez is a note of warning and interrogation; so is automation and redundancy. Booms don't last for ever and competition was never so fierce. But if recession and redundancy are to be guarded against sectionally, as a hundred voices demanded at Brighton, the T.U.C.'s specific of a "planned economy" when Labour returns to power is not reassuring if it encourages a go-as-you-please rush for a larger slice of a cake which is visibly being reduced to vanishing-point. Some of the Congress resolutions seem still to be embittered by class hatred. I sometimes wonder whether these wild demands for higher pay and shorter hours are not inspired, to a greater extent than is realised, by entirely irrelevant and trivial causes; *in primis* by the belief, daily encouraged by social columnists who glorify and publicise a few rich men in business, that the top rungs of the ladder in every industry are encrusted with gold and jewels, that any and every business is capable of sharing out twice as much as it does to the "workers" who make it rich and that the shareholders who found its capital have always received back 200 per cent. on their investments. The Chancellor has more than once, with figures, put the "shareholder's harvest" in proper perspective, without making the slightest impression on those who believe in this *idée fixe*.

Road Casualties and Horror Propaganda.—No doubt the only hopeful solution of the tragedy on our roads lies in better education of the young, in better roads, better drivers, better cars and better general sense of responsibility. There is certainly an idea now current that horror propaganda cuts no ice. But I am not clear in my mind that the inclusion in official statistics of the "slightly injured" who made up 200,000 of the 267,000 people killed or injured on the roads last year has an effect on the public mind which is the reverse of deterrent. The argument is that a quarter of a million road casualties a year is so fantastic as to make no impression on the imagination, much as space distances in miles and minutes among the heavenly bodies. The "slightly injured" are those who suffer sprains or bruises and who return home at once with or without hospital inspection or treatment. Would the public be more impressed with the horrible dangers of the road if revised statistics revealed a yearly casualty list of only 67,000 killed or injured? The probability is that the average motorist does not appreciate the significance of such statistics whether astronomical or reduced to death and serious injury only. He sets off on the road convinced that accidents don't happen to *him*. But if national statistics of accidents in the factory, the home, the field and on the road, the railways and in the air included everybody who sprains an ankle, strains a tendon or suffers a bruise, the danger of modern life would appear so terrible that most of us would go to bed and stay there. Perhaps, therefore, a more realistic definition of injury in official statistics is desirable if the wheels of national life are to be kept turning.

SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI IN HOSPITAL



THE CONDUCTOR OF THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA AFTER HIS OPERATION: Sir John Barbirolli is seen with his wife at the Royal Infirmary in Manchester where he underwent an internal operation. He was hoping to leave hospital this week and go on holiday to Italy before returning to work.

Decline of Game in Highlands.—It causes me no surprise that northern landowners are anxiously investigating the reasons for the continuous decline in grouse and other game which formerly provided them with a steady and useful revenue. The weather and too many games may be a reason for anxiety as to the future of county cricket, but not, I think, of game-deficient grouse moors. And though, no doubt, investigators will re-examine the questions of drainage and burning, of sheep-tick and other bugs, of unfavourable weather at nesting and brooding seasons, I think they will save their labours by plumping at once for vermin as the prime cause. One unkeepered or badly-keepered estate can undo the year's labours of four neighbouring hard-working and conscientious keepers. The hill-foxes travel, the hoodies fly and range, and the ravages of myxomatosis, which still persist in Scotland, if not in England, make all vermin hungry for new forms of food. Even the owls are willing to try strange changes of diet. The policy of exterminating the rabbit is good for the farmer, but a doubtful boon for owners of moors as well as farms. Old game-books are good evidence, and when in old age I return to mosses and patches of heather whereon in youth I recorded mixed bags of a score of head of grouse, blackgame, woodcock, hares, and so forth, and find them all as bare of game as Surbiton, and as full of vermin as a dead sheep, I conclude, without scientific inquiry, that the root cause is lack of keepering. It is a significant fact that after the last war, those moors which had reluctantly been conceded by landowners for use as bombing and shooting ranges were first to return to normal grouse-holding conditions. That was true in the Braemar area and in others known to me. The bombing drove the vermin away and these pests have longer memories than the grouse. Perhaps the Forestry

ommission might help more than they do. Most types f vermin are harmless to growing trees, while several pes of game are regarded, unjustly, as enemies to lantations.

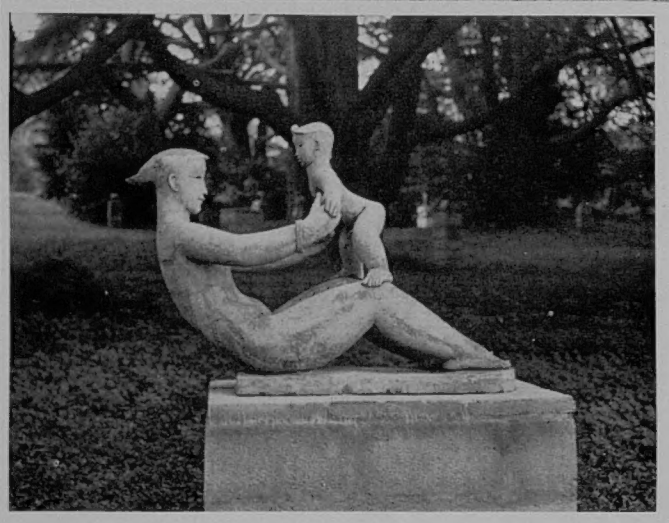
Caravan.—I have been thankful this autumn oliday in Scotland to have had a solid slate roof over y head to carry the gurgling water down the pipes, nd I have spared a thought of sympathy for the heroic rmy of caravanners. I have seen much of them, mostly rom behind, on the roads. I have seen their camps n the low-lying meadows by the Border rivers and on e swampy links bordering the Moray Firth, and always e rain has poured down on these gum-booted owners f travelling tents. One or two I have met in even orse plight, casualties of the road. One such remains memory, observed on a lonely stretch near Blair tholl. It had been ripped in half in a collision on its ay to a holiday in the north and all its pots and pans, ardrobe and gadgets lay strewn over the road and e dismal family party stood by, too apathetic to col- ct the relics of a shattered holiday and high hopes. nd the rain poured down. I still wonder where they ept that night. Truly these caravanners are a heroic ace, hopers against hope that, once in a way, once in a ecade, they will reap their reward in a hot, dry summer ight, with a moon like a bandbox and sweet nocturnal ounds, to be followed by a pearly dawn and a day of unshine that only Scotland is capable of giving in ugust and only southern England on an occasional ay in early October. And very seldom are those favours ranted.

Castles in the Air.—The scientists in con- lave give us hope that the next generation on our orld may live long enough to shake off their earth- ound fetters and be free to emigrate to one of a undred worlds in space. Meanwhile, our scientists nd technicians are doing what they can to familiarise s with space and to uproot our feet from the earth. Notably Mr. Frank Wright, a leading American rchitect, whom age does not wither in his eighty- ighth year, is at work on plans for a 510-storey kyscraper office building to be run up on Chicago's ake-front. It will be exactly one mile high—the Empire tate Building in New York is less than a third of a ile high—and it will accommodate 100,000 workers. hose who work on storey 510 will win my admiration nd earn my sympathy. No doubt the elevators will hoot them up and down at 40 m.p.h. and the air at the op will be pure, and perhaps business morality will be urer at that height as contact with the lower levels of usiness grows more remote. But surely one in 10,000 ill suffer from the nervous diseases which used to trouble ur earth-bound forbears, and sudden attacks of vertigo ay make them less than 100 per cent. efficient until miliarity breeds contempt. I presume that real estate alues in Chicago's business centres no less than civic ride have inspired Mr. Wright's Tower of Babel which backed by many Chicago business-men. Certainly e building will cost the earth. Its foundations will go own a quarter of a mile.

Life in Britain.—Even a 25s. book can ardly hope to present a very full and balanced idea of fe in Britain to-day and of the British character. It ay well be that the British character is best defined y small unadvertised minorities. It is quite certain that survey of British tastes, preferences, habits and recrea- ions based on the reading of the popular Press (and specially the Sunday popular) must present an ugly nd, I hope, a false picture of Britain to-day and British haracter. In his *Life in Britain* Mr. J. D. Scott lists our principal recreations." First, gambling ; second, ames which we watch and do not generally play ; nd third, reading newspaper reports of sexual offences. ertainly a foreigner reading through a mass circulation unday Sensational would find this grim pro- ouncement proved to the hilt—an inch of straight news o every column of football, of pools, of sex, of personal olumnism. And certainly the fare served up is read nd in many homes read through carefully. But of the illions alleged to buy the paper, it would surprise e if 25 per cent. believe what they read, admire what ey read or subscribe to what they read. The minor ces of curiosity and addiction to sensation induce the ajority to subscribe to a comic (if you can call it comic) s relief from the boredom of their respected and spectable organ. Genuinely sometimes, conventionally ways, they scorn what they read and reject the tripe ey nibble. The foreigner cannot know that. To get o know us better, he should read our hobby journals, ee us in our backyards and caravans, on holidays and t week-ends on our allotments, and perhaps throw an ye over our bookshelves. The *Sunday Shocker* no oubt depicts a nation of trivial minds and throws an gly light on the value of our expensive national educa- on, but it is not a complete or true picture. I should ot be surprised to learn that a majority of Britons are ill not certifiable and that a handsome minority of our ace still compares favourably in good sense and respon- sibility with the best elements in any other nation.

THE OLD STAGER

OPEN-AIR SCULPTURE EXHIBITION AT CIRENCESTER



A SYLVAN SETTING FOR CONTEMPORARY BRITISH SCULPTURE: Large cedars dwarf some of the works in the exhibition of Contemporary British Sculpture which is now being held in Cirencester Park, Gloucestershire. From left are: "Portrait of Yvonne," by Sydney Harpley; "Anteater," by Richard Bedford; "Torso of a Youth," by Willi Soukop, and "Imprint," by Barbara Hepworth. The exhibition, which is sponsored by the Arts Council of Great Britain and arranged by the Cirencester Arts Club, continues until Saturday, September 29. It was originally arranged for this year's Aldeburgh Festival, and has since been seen at Norwich and Bedford. Later, it will be on show at Huddersfield.

On left—

"MOTHER AND CHILD": This piece is by Huxley Jones. Altogether there are twenty-eight works on show in the exhibition. The arrangement of the sculpture is by Mr. Oliver Hill.

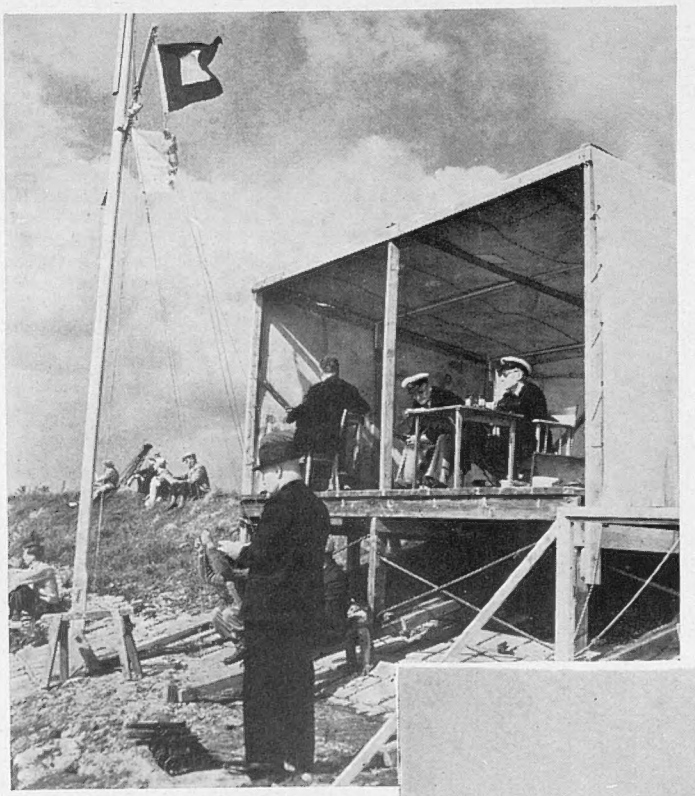
THE OPENING OF THE OYSTER SEASON AT WHITSTABLE

THE ANNUAL CEREMONY OF THE BLESSING OF THE SEA AT WHITSTABLE, KENT : Holidaymakers join a united choir from local churches at the water's edge for the annual ceremony held to mark the opening of the oyster season. Among those who officiated at the service are, on the right of picture, the Rev. Ray Wimbush (in wheelchair), an honorary member of the staff of St. Peter's Church, Whitstable ; the Vicar of Seasalter, and the assistant priest of All Saints' Church. Before the ceremony, a procession was made to the sea-front from St. Peter's Church.

THE OPENING OF BURNHAM WEEK: B1 class rated cruisers compete for the Gaydon Challenge Cup on the first day of the traditional regatta at Burnham-on-Crouch. The events in this particular class were divided into two handicap races for cruisers from 19 ft. to 26 ft. and for those under 19 ft. In the first race the winner was *Minstrel Maid* (R. and P. Herring), followed home by *Fidelis* (F. J. Welch) with *Martha McGilda* of Burnham (J. Noel Jordan) third. The second handicap race, for sailing vessels of under 19 ft., was won by G. C. Farmer's *Lady of Spain* with *Caupona* (C. J. Lewin) second and *Lollipoppett* (Miss B. and J. Weeden) third.

BURNHAM REGATTA

The Annual Sailing Week Opens on the Crouch



AT THE STARTING POINT: Three of the officials for the opening day's events sit in a canvas shelter at the starting point. From left to right are Mr. P. G. Gregory, Captain H. J. Patterson and Colonel J. R. Ainsley, M.C. Standing in front beside the miniature cannons used for starting the races is Mr. F. W. Friend, the starter.

This year's Burnham Regatta, by tradition the last of the season, opened on one of the few pleasant days of this summer. Conditions for the racing were almost ideal, with an adequate wind and warm sunshine. Although the breeze lost some of its weight before the events were completed, the bigger craft, which needed all the air they could get, were home before it dropped.

The 12 square-metre Sharpies event was won by Mr. Jasper Blackall, Great Britain's Olympic representative in this class, who was sailing *Chuckles* and not his own boat *Ynys*, with which he won the Olympic trials. It is probable that he will take *Chuckles* to Australia since he considers it the better boat. After a good start he won the event at Burnham by a good ten minutes from Mrs. J. Heriot's *Marlborough*.

The best represented class in the opening day's events was the Hornet class which had a fleet of twenty-four on the starting line for their race. The event was won by Mr. J. Waddington's *Wasp* from *Flying Cloud* (Mr. Beecher Moore).

THE START OF THE INTERNATIONAL DRAGON CLASS EVENT: A group of Dragons sets off for the starting line. The large numbers of this class which used to be seen annually at Burnham are beginning to shrink. On the opening day of this year's regatta the event was won by a visitor from the Medway, Mr. D. S. Clarabut, in *Snapdragon*, who led home the two local favourites, *Vana* (W. G. Smith) and *Viking* (P. Dyas). The winner finished over two minutes ahead of them.

On left—
THE END OF THE REGATTA SEASON: B1 class rated cruisers sail along the Crouch at the beginning of one of their handicap races. This year's meeting, which customarily marks the end of the regatta season, was characterised by the diminishing numbers of keel yachts, such as the B1 class, in comparison with centre-board craft. The numbers have been going down for several years to such an extent that this time the ratio was very nearly two to one. Both the 6-metre and the 5.5-metre classes were absent this year from the Burnham meeting.

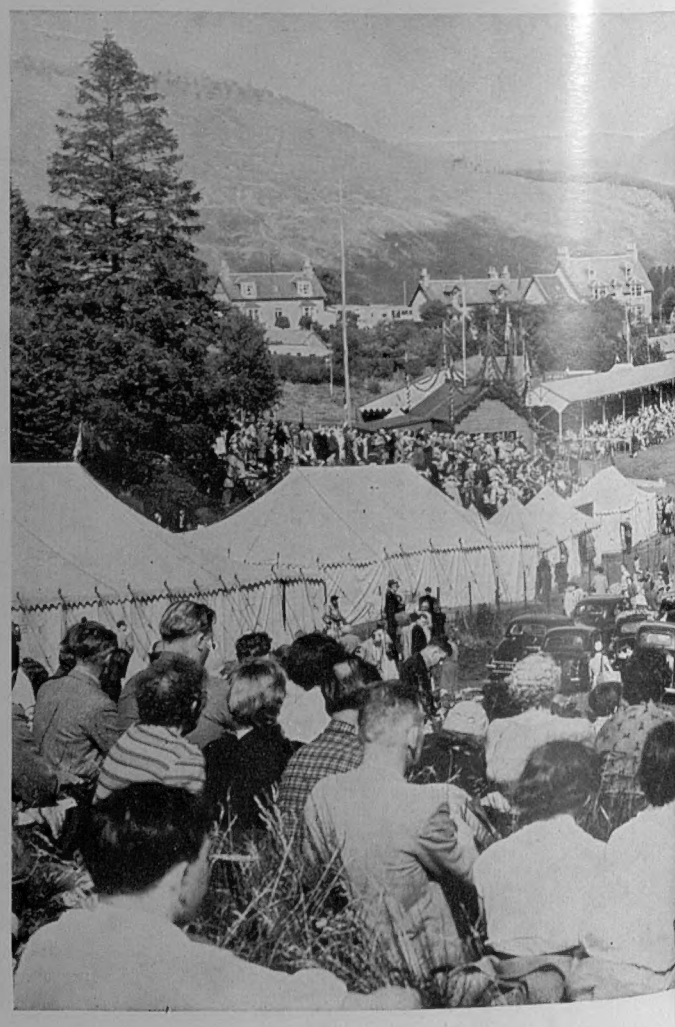
THE QUEEN ATTENDS THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: The Royal party is welcomed at the Gathering by distinguished Scots. On the left, the Queen mounts the ste[p] followed [by] Princess Anne and Prince Charles (centre). The Duke of Edinburgh is talking to Captain A. A. C. Farquharson. Behind the Duke is the Marquess of [A]berdeen, Lo[rd] Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. Twenty thousand spectators watched the traditional programme of Highland dancing, piping, wrestling, tossing the caber a[nd] tugs-of-wa[r]

ROYALTY AT BRAEMAR

The Royal Family Watch a Varied Programme of Highland Dancing and Sports at the Braemar Gathering

In spite of a day that began with rain and mist, 20,000 spectators attended the 1956 Braemar Gathering. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne watched the sport for an hour, accompanied by Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince William, Prince Richard and the Duke of Kent. The Queen Mother was absent, convalescing from a cold. The Royal party was welcomed by the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, Lord Carnegie, and Captain A. A. C. Farquharson of Invercauld. A change in the weather brought brilliant sunshine in the afternoon, when the massed pipe bands paraded. Teams from Scottish regiments competed in the tug-of-war. In the final, a team from the 4/7th Gordon Highlanders defeated the 4/5th Cameron Highlanders, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is Colonel-in-Chief. A highlight of the programme was the tossing of the Braemar Society's great caber by Mr. H. A. Gray. This caber is 19 ft. long and weighs 119 lb., and has been tossed only twice before—by Gray on a previous occasion and by Mr. George Clark.

HER MAJESTY RECEIVES WHITE HEATHER: Shirley Jamieson of Braemar curtseys before the Queen and presents a bouquet of white heather. Beside her is Audrey Raffan, who has another spray to be presented to Princess Margaret. The two children were among the competitors in the Highland dancing contests.



On right—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRAEMAR GAMES: Part of a crowd estimated at 20,000 watches as Highland dancers perform on a raised dais in the left of the arena. The day of the Gathering began with rain, but by noon the sun had broken through, in time for the arrival of the Royal party.

E ROYAL PARTY WATCHES THE HIGHLAND GAMES: From left to right are the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret, Her Majesty the Queen, and the Royal children. Behind Prince Charles is Captain A. A. C. Farquharson of Invercauld. The Duke of Edinburgh is Colonel-in-Chief of the 4/5th Cameron Highlanders, whose team were runners-up in the final of the tug-of-war contest. The winners were a team of the 4/7th Gordon Highlanders.

SEPTEMBER SURVEY

The Suez Crisis ; an Elder Statesman Entertains ; a Floating Bonfire ; Insults at the Leipzig Fair

THE PRIME MINISTER LEAVES FOR BALMORAL: Sir Anthony Eden waves to the crowd before boarding an aircraft to fly to Balmoral, where he is said to have reported to the Queen on the Suez situation. With him is Lady Eden. The talks in Cairo between the five-nation Suez Committee and President Nasser subsequently ended in complete deadlock. Mr. Menzies presented proposals which suggested that an international board, including Egypt, should run the Canal, paying a substantial "rent," as a "tenant" of Egypt, without infringing her sovereignty over it. In his final reply, President Nasser insisted that anything short of complete Egyptian operative control would affront national sovereignty. It was probable that the Suez question would be referred to the United Nations Security Council.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL ENTERTAINS AT CHARTWELL: The former Prime Minister stands outside his Kentish home with Senator Walter George (left), President Eisenhower's personal ambassador to N.A.T.O., and Mr. Julius Holmes, special assistant to the United States Secretary of State on N.A.T.O. affairs. Senator George and Mr. Holmes were in Britain for talks on the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

A BLAZING SHIP IS SCUTTLED AT HULL: The Swedish motor-vessel *Lona* (2,891 tons) blazes in the King George dock, Hull. The vessel, which was loaded with a cargo of pit props from Canada, was later scuttled to prevent the fire getting completely out of hand and threatening neighbouring vessels in the dock. There was also a danger that if the deck cargo caught fire the sparks might set alight the many thousands of pit props which lay stacked on the quay-side. The *Lona* had docked the day before with no sign of any fire aboard her. A few hours later, however, the blaze had swept through the bulkheads and set alight the cargo of props in the after hold.

WORK BEGINS ON A NEW BRANCH OF THE SUEZ CANAL: A new section of the Canal is dug near Port Said. This, it is claimed, will reduce the time needed to pass through the waterway by four hours. The new branch, two miles long, will enable ships to enter the Canal with fewer delays than hitherto. *Below*—Labourers are busy on the new project. Much of the work is being done by hand, though it may be ready by the end of 1956.

On left—

PROPAGANDA AT THE LEIPZIG FAIR: A huge poster in the main street of Leipzig, in East Germany, which was the centre of the International Fair, shows a German judge with half his face resembling Hitler and the other half Dr. Conrad Adenauer. The caption underneath reads "The German Communist Party. Banned, 1933 and 1956." The allusion is to the recent banning of the party in West Germany and the parallel ban by Hitler. The posters were everywhere in the city.

THE GREAT RAILWAY RESCUE

The Story of the Campaign to Save the Branch Lines of Great Britain

By ELIZABETH COXHEAD

WHARF STATION, TOWYN, ON THE TALYLLYN RAILWAY: Two trains lie at the terminus of the Talyllyn Railway, in Merionethshire, which is one of the branch lines revived since the war by the enthusiasm of private individuals and the devotion of railway lovers. The train on the left is made up of locomotive No. 3, "Sir Haydn," built in 1876, two original coaches built in 1865 and a rear vehicle built in 1954. On the right, locomotive No. 6, "Douglas," is a gift from a Birmingham firm.

IT only requires a threat to any form of transport for something in human nature to leap to its defence. Particularly is this true of railways. From the first they were the object of a cult, and now, in these days of closures and menaced branch lines, they inspire a devotion more passionate than at any previous time in their history.

Each closure is fiercely contested, and three years ago was formed the sonorously titled Society for the Reinvigoration of Unremunerative Branch Lines. Membership has been growing with a speed almost embarrassing to its sponsors, and the oldest member is a lady of ninety-one. It is not an antiquarian body, and welcomes such modern developments as Diesels or railcars or electrification, if these will help to make a branch line pay; and it only takes up the cause of lines for which a real local demand can be proved. But its propaganda stimulates the demand, by pointing out to local people the many ways in which they will miss their branch line once they have lost it and are reduced to dependence on a bus service. At the moment it is campaigning for the two remaining Isle of Wight railways, Ryde–Ventnor and Ryde–Cowes, and it has its eye on other threatened branch lines, such as the Uxbridge–West Drayton.

But the most romantic examples of railways rescued by amateur intervention are the two ancient narrow-gauge ones through the North Wales hills, the Festiniog and the Talyllyn. They were the forerunners and models for all other narrow-gauge railways in the world, and are now proudly operated and cared for by their respective preservation societies.

Originally they were slate-quarry lines, built to bring the Welsh roofing slates down from the mountains to the coast for shipment, and both were the work of a remarkable Portmadoc engineering family, the Spooners. James Spooner constructed the Festiniog in 1836 as a horse-tramway, fourteen miles long, connecting the Blaenau quarries with the sea at Portmadoc, and his son Charles converted it to steam in 1863, though Robert Stephenson and the other Victorian railway engineers had pronounced such a feat to be impossible. The owners of a quarry near Cader Idris then asked the Spooners to build a similar track of seven miles to the coast at Towyn, so that the Talyllyn is really the Festiniog's "child." Both rapidly added passenger traffic also, and as the years went on, became holiday showpieces as well as arteries of the most important industry in North Wales.

And both continued the tradition of pioneering inventiveness. The Festiniog commissioned an engineer named Fairlie to design it an extraordinary-looking double-bogie locomotive, resembling two engines back-to-back with a cabin in the middle. This raised the official speed of the trains on the steeply curving mountain track to 15 m.p.h., and unofficially, we are told, the drivers would do as much as 40. And a wonderful sight it must have been, to see a train a thousand feet long snaking at that pace down the mountainside!

But the slate trade declined, cars and buses arrived, and the little railways fell on evil days. In 1939 the Festiniog closed to passenger traffic, in 1946 to slates, and trees and brambles grew over the track. The Talyllyn never closed, but it survived only through the personal generosity of Sir Haydn Jones, for many years Merioneth's

(*Concluded on following page*)

A MOUNTAIN RAILWAY BUILT IN 1896: Passengers alight at Llanberis Station on the Snowdon Mountain Railway. This little line was built entirely for pleasure traffic and has not fallen on evil days as have other narrow-gauge railways. It is built on the rack-and-pinion principle invented by the Swiss engineer Abt.

BRYNGLAS STATION, TALYLLYN RAILWAY, BEFORE RESTORATION: The overgrown track has now been carefully relaid, but the little station and the high walls of foliage on each side of the cutting remain the same. After this halt the line enters the winding Fathew Valley.

THE ARMY AT WORK: No. 127 Construction Unit, Royal Engineers (T.A.), re-lay a part of the old track of the Talyllyn Railway through Dolgoch Station. The new lease of life given to the branch line has been largely due to spontaneous voluntary efforts.

COACH REPAIRS IN THE WORKSHOPS: Two skilled members of the Talyllyn Railway Preservation Society work on the restoration of one of the original coaches built in 1865. Much of the work of repair and maintenance is carried out by devoted volunteers.

THE RELIC OF A ONCE PROSPEROUS LINE: Bembridge Station, on the Isle of Wight, is now deserted and overgrown, presenting a sorry spectacle alongside overgrown tracks. It was one of three lines shut down by the Transport Commission in spite of strong objections.

A BRANCH LINE ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT: A train leaves Ryde Esplanade Station for the interior of the island. The railways which fell victims to nationalisation, have subsequently suffered at the hands of the economic axe. Three of the lines have been closed.

THE GREAT RAILWAY RESCUE

(*Concluded from previous page*)

M.P., and when he died, in 1950, it, too, seemed doomed.

And then the enthusiasts rallied to save the last survivor of the Welsh narrow-gauge tracks from its parent's fate. The Talyllyn Preservation Society, started in 1951, at once got to work repairing the historic locomotives and rolling-stock, buying further engines from disused quarry lines, and relaying the track, most of which still had the original rails of 1866. They were lying on sleepers so rotten that only the mountain turf held them to the gauge.

Working-parties went, and still go out, every week-end to take on the hard navvying job of track-laying, while their womenfolk paint coaches and station buildings. A tiny permanent staff maintains a daily train service, and the amateurs supplement it throughout the summer by working as firemen, guards and ticket-collectors. The Talyllyn, although the junior of the two lines, can thus claim the longest continuous working of any narrow-gauge railway, and it has now added a little museum for other narrow-gauge survivals, among them locomotives from the Penrhyn Quarry and from the Guinness Brewery in Dublin.

Inspired by this example, another band of enthusiasts looked again at the pathetic Sleeping Beauty the Festiniog had become. It presented an even tougher problem, since the track was quite derelict. But its preservation society was formed in 1954, and nine months later had the first mile and a half, across the Portmadoc Embankment, working again, and "Prince," one of the two original locomotives, drawing coaches of 1872.

This year another mile has been added, and one of the double "Fairlie" engines is going back into service. The present run only takes fourteen minutes, yet during the summer upwards of 25,000 holiday visitors found it a worthwhile experience. The rescuers are confident that they will have the whole line to Blaenau working again five years from now. Higher up it becomes even more dramatic, clinging to steep mountainsides and plunging through a tunnel under the Moelwyns. It is just possible to get a home-made inspection trolley up the length of the track now, but the experience is literally hair-raising, and one needs a fencing-mask to protect the face against brambles! Scenically, the trip could offer rivalry to the charming railway which climbs Snowdon. This, built for pleasure-traffic, is relatively an upstart, having been opened to the public first in 1896.

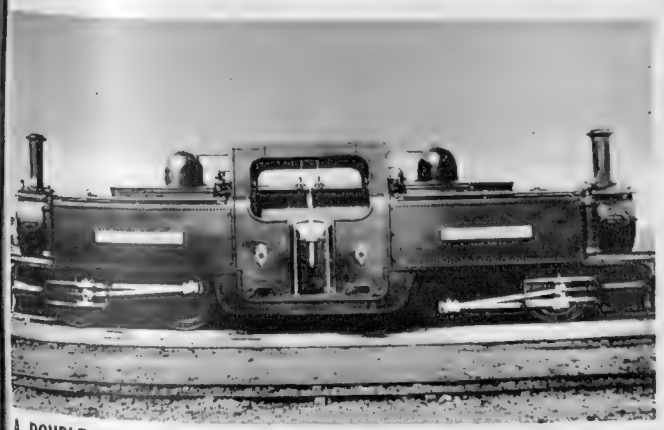
But what gives the amateur run railways their particular flavour for the visitor is not so much the scenery or the period-piece rolling-stock, as the happy devotion of the amateurs themselves. They come from all over the country—working-parties turn out regularly from London—and bring their families. They pour out their time and money and spread around them that spirit of enjoyment which can never be quite achieved by the commercial tourist attraction, however efficiently organised.

The British Transport Commission is very much alive to the importance of preserving railway history. Since the war its archives department has been amassing and storing quantities of material, ranging from locomotives to old tickets and porters' buttons. Three very successful touring exhibitions have been sent round the country, and ultimately it is planned to open three more Transport Museums, to supplement the existing one at York.

Yet the examples of Festiniog and Talyllyn surely suggest that a much better monument to our railway past is the "living museum," on which visitors can actually travel. Perhaps it will also occur to the Commission to take over a doomed branch line, and run its exhibits there in all their variety and profusion. It would be a proud reminder that railways were a British invention.

THE FESTINIOG RAILWAY: The 93-year-old locomotive "Prince" hauls a train along the mile-long Traeth Mawr Embankment in North Wales. The branch line was reopened after several years' disuse.

THE "BLUEBELL LINE," IN SUSSEX: The first train passes through the wooded area between Sheffield Park and Horsted Keynes after the reopening of the "Bluebell Line," in Sussex. The single-track railway branch line runs between Lewes and East Grinstead. It was closed over a year ago by British Railways because of financial loss, but it was reopened last month after protests and petitions.



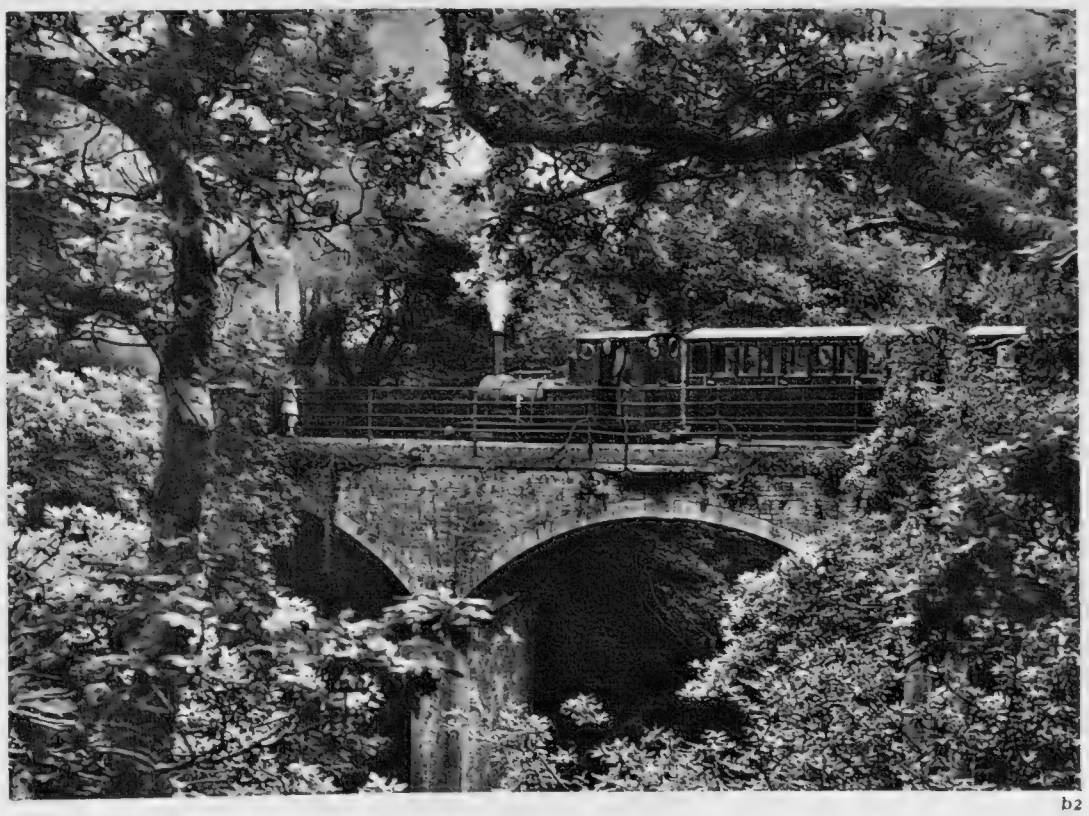
A DOUBLE ENGINE ON THE FESTINIOG RAILWAY: The "Livingstone Thompson," now renamed the "Taliesin," was built in 1885. It is one of two locomotives of this type owned by the Company.

On left—

ALMOST EIGHTY YEARS AFTER: A locomotive built in 1876 hauls a train through a valley on the Talyllyn Railway. The engine was once used on the Corris Railway and was purchased together with a sister locomotive from British Railways in 1951. The old Corris Railway was taken over by the G.W.R. and passed eventually into the hands of British Railways, who closed it down.

Below—

THE DOLGOCH VIADUCT ON TALYLLYN RAILWAY: The locomotive "Dolgoch" crosses the viaduct of the same name. The Railway covers a delightful stretch of country in its short run.



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GATHERING THE HOP HARVEST

Many Months of Skilled Preparation Precede the Annual Invasion of Hop-Pickers in Hampshire, Kent, Herefordshire and Worcestershire

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

EVERY year, in September, the village experiences an invasion—commonly known, among the locals, as the "bloody 'ops." You will, I trust, excuse the Royal Academy adjective. I am not straining for effect, I do assure you. We live in a hop-growing district, and most of us, probably, have never so much as heard of the Royal Academy. We have not been educated to the adjective. We speak basic English. In any case, it is a term of affection, not one of abuse.

This invasion is the culmination of a long chain of events which has gone on throughout the year, and the chain is always the same, year after year, not altering in the smallest particular. Last October our fields were hidden beneath a great pall of smoke. We were burning up the debris left by the invasion of the previous month. The smoke from these great fires is white, the dead white of cotton-wool. It drifts and billows across the fields and through the woods—and through the houses too, if all the doors and windows are not kept shut.

Then, in early winter, the fields are ploughed and fertiliser is spread over them. This fertiliser is queer stuff—feathers and shoddy—and it stinks. The feathers—I suppose the pluckings from all the poultry that has been eaten in urban and suburban households, in hotels and restaurants day by day, throughout the year—comes down in huge sacks carried by lorries. The shoddy is the waste from the Yorkshire woollen mills. It comes down by the trainload. If there is a wind after it has been spread—and there usually is—little bits of coloured wool dance over the fields, drift into the lanes, float up into the trees, and stick to your clothes. Now the fields look untidy and dirty, derelict. And, wind or no wind, they stink. But somehow all the mess disappears, and the smell too, and in the spring the fields are bare and well-tilled, neat with their regiments of chestnut poles in disciplined ranks.

Then men and women, but mostly women, come into the fields and dress the poles with string. Actually, it is coir yarn—that is, a coconut fibre—but it is known locally (and everywhere else, I suspect) as hop-string. Hop-string, which is thick and rough to the touch, costs a great deal of money: the amount of capital per acre tied to the pole-wires in a hop-field is little short of awe-inspiring.

Stringing is a highly skilled job. It is not one that can be taught: it can only be learnt by experience and years and years of sheer, hard, sweating practice. The stringer carries a 10-ft. pole, to the top of which is attached a piece of metal tubing open at both ends, set at an angle. The ball of string (it is astonishingly heavy) is carried in a bag slung at the hip, and the thread is carried through the tube at the top of the pole. A good stringer works at an amazing speed, handling his long, clumsy pole as though it were a knitting-needle and moving with a precise rhythm, slinging the pole from hook to hook along the wires that join the tops of the poles and then down to the hooks that are barely visible in the ground, weaving intricate geometrical patterns. When the stringers have finished their work, the field that was naked but a few days before is a veritable cat's-cradle.

It is not long after this when, all at once as though at the waving of a wand, the strings begin to clothe themselves in green. The women appear again and train the delicate tendrils up the strings. This process is known as "twiddling," and the tendrils are trained anti-clockwise. Twiddling finished, the women go. The fields are quiet and deserted, seemingly lifeless, for there is a long period during which the tendrils do not appear to grow at all. And then, suddenly, where there had been bare earth and naked poles, there is waving leafage in avenues, arcades and tunnels. The cones appear, and the hops show pale and shapely amid the green. We know that the invasion is not far off, and that soon the fields will be filled with strangers and outlandish tongues.

You will have noticed that I have been speaking about fields. If you know anything about hops, you will know where I come from. In Kent—most people seem to think that hops grow nowhere else—hops grow in "gardens." In Herefordshire and Worcestershire hops grow in "yards." We grow very good hops in Hampshire, and we grow them in fields.

But there is, of course, more than just a difference in name for the ground on which hops are grown. There are many different names, and different methods too, peculiar to each hop-growing district. In Kent the hops are poured into a bin to be measured, and then into a great sack (called a "poke") to be carted away to the oast-house (the "hostuss"), and the man who does the measuring is called the measurer. In Hampshire we do not have bins, we have baskets: our great sacks are called surplices; the "hostuss" is called the kiln; the measurer is called the tallyman. At one time—even when I was a small boy—the tallyman carried a tally, a stick marked off with measures. He does so no longer. Now, the huge oval baskets are marked off in bushels with big black rings round the inside, and each basket holds seven bushels. But here, as elsewhere, one picks a "hill" of hops.

A CONTRAST IN OLD AND NEW METHODS OF HOP-PICKING: On the left is a modern mobile hop-picking machine, which requires only two women to feed it with the laden bines. The machine strips off the hops, rejecting the bines. Mechanical picking is far quicker than the most skilful hand-pickers. In addition, the hops are cleaner than those picked by hand, and are less liable to bruising. Mechanical hop cleaners are also in operation. On the right a group of hand-pickers is at work, stripping the bines into a long sack. It is usual to see several generations of a family, from babies to pensioners, gathering the harvest. The old have often come every year for 50 years.

Hop-picking is a sort of festival. In the depth of its roots and in its popular appeal it is not unlike the grape harvest of Southern Spain. All sorts and conditions of people go hopping. Most of them are tough, but among them are many invalids. There is a deep-rooted belief in the health-giving properties of hops, and for many the excursion into the fields, gardens or yards is like a pilgrimage to Lourdes. Hordes of people—men, women and children—erupt from the poorer districts of London and camp for some three weeks in the fields of Kent, where they are joined by diddikais from all over the South of England. The yards of Herefordshire and Worcestershire are invaded by Birmingham and the Black Country, and by the diddikais of the Midlands and South Wales. We do not get anything like that, but we get invaded all right. And we prepare for it.

Not that we make the sort of preparations they make, or used to make, in Kent. I have seen Kent village shops with barricades built over the counters to protect the goods, and the assistants, from the struggling and unmannerly mob of customers. Our preparations are simpler. The pubs lay in enormous quantities of beer. The shopkeepers weigh out packets and packets of sugar, and lay in packets and packets of tea. Wise farmers see to it that their plum trees are stripped and that every apple ripe enough is picked. But that is about all.

Our invaders mostly come from the nearby towns or from Portsmouth or Southampton. Housewives with their families, grandmothers with their grandchildren (the mothers working in factories and unable to get away), and so on. We get a lot of folk who take their holidays hopping—Service men and women on leave, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, schoolboys and girls, undergraduates, and so forth. We get a lot of people with nothing to do, wanting to pick up a few pounds, retired folk and the like. There are generally one or two bright young females from London, seeking adventure of some sort. But we also get one or two families from far away: one has come from Lancashire every year since the war. And we get a few gypsies, true Romanies. Gypsies are rare in the hop-fields, no matter what the novelists may say. It is the diddikais who go hop-picking. There is a large diddikai population in this area, but they all go hopping in Kent. Our few gypsies have been coming for years and years, and they keep themselves very much to themselves, which is something that no diddikai has ever learnt to do.

With the exception of the gypsies, all these are people taking a holiday with pay; people hoping to pick up a few pounds. You can always tell those coming for the first time, especially the women. They wear summer frocks and high heels, even shorts: smart they are, and most of them hoping for more than just a few bushels of hops. The old hands wear their oldest clothes, for they know that whatever they wear they will never wear again. And they wear long-sleeved blouses or long-sleeved shirts: a hop bine can raise a nasty rash on the unaccustomed. As for wearing shorts—that must be the quickest of all ways to ruin romance. The fussy wear gloves. Hops are sticky and they blacken the hands in no time. Lots of pickers do wear gloves. The experts do not, but they are bent on business alone.

What can a picker make? Obviously that depends on the sort of picker. Payment is by the bushel—8d. to 10d., something like that; the price varies a little from year to year. It is true that a higher price is paid for small hops ("buttons"), but that cuts both ways: many more have to be picked to fill a basket and that takes much longer.

The big oval baskets have to be filled to the brim: indeed, over the brim, for the hops must rise in a little mound in the middle. It is not possible for the ordinary picker to cheat over this: the farmer wins every time. When the basket is full, the picker shouts for the tallyman. But a lot of pickers will be shouting at the same time, and it may take ten minutes before the tallyman gets round to him. By then the hops in the basket will have sunk appreciably, and more will have to be picked to top it up again. An expert can top up his basket without picking any more. But it takes many years to learn that trick, and the secret is jealously guarded.

In fact, hop-picking is a paying proposition for the expert (and especially for the expert family), and the experts are those who started as children. These can shred a hop-bine—no leaves, no stalks (the tallyman will not allow either in the basket)—as easily as lying down and very much quicker. There is good money for them all right. But for the rest, it requires a lot of stamina and nimble fingers to earn a pound a day, to pick twenty-four bushels in the day. The holiday-with-pay girl is tired to dropping with twelve.

But now, I suppose, all this is coming to an end. There are mechanical pickers now. True, there are, as yet, not many of them. But high-pressure salesmanship will no doubt soon alter that, and the hop-picker will become as rare as the plough horse. And that will be a tragedy.

We talk about the bloody 'ops, but we all like them and look forward to them. I know that I do. And I know that when finally the machine has killed the festival, when the colour and the laughter have gone from the fields, when there is only another spluttering engine, we shall regret it bitterly. I know what I shall miss most of all—the nights. The time when the pubs shut of a night, and tired, beer-laden pickers surge and roll down the lane, laughing and singing: hardly ever quarrelling, but always smelling. Even the girls in their finery, dressed to conquer, smell. This smell has nothing to do with dirt: it is the scent of lupulin. Lupulin is the resin, bitter and beery-flavoured, the golden pollen-like globules of the cones. It is the lupulin that makes the hands sticky and ruins the clothes. It is the lupulin that gives flavour to the beer. It is the lupulin that scents the fields at hop harvest.

In its place—in the place of all this—we shall, when the machines have finally conquered, have the smell of Diesel oil. And the beer will not be any better.

THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH TRADES UNION CONGRESS MEETS IN BRIGHTON: This picture of the opening session of the Congress shows Sir Vincent Tewson, General Secretary of the T.U.C., addressing the delegates. At his right, seated at a raised desk, is the President, Mr. W. Beard. In his address the latter urged the Government to be more resolute in dealing with industrial development and emphasised the need for the various trade unions to keep their own house in order and to increase efficiency.

DELEGATES FORGATHER: The Assistant Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, Mr. H. R. Nicholas (on left), and his wife discuss the programme of business with Sir Vincent Tewson. *On left*—Mr. E. A. Roberts, an A.E.U. delegate, addresses the Congress.

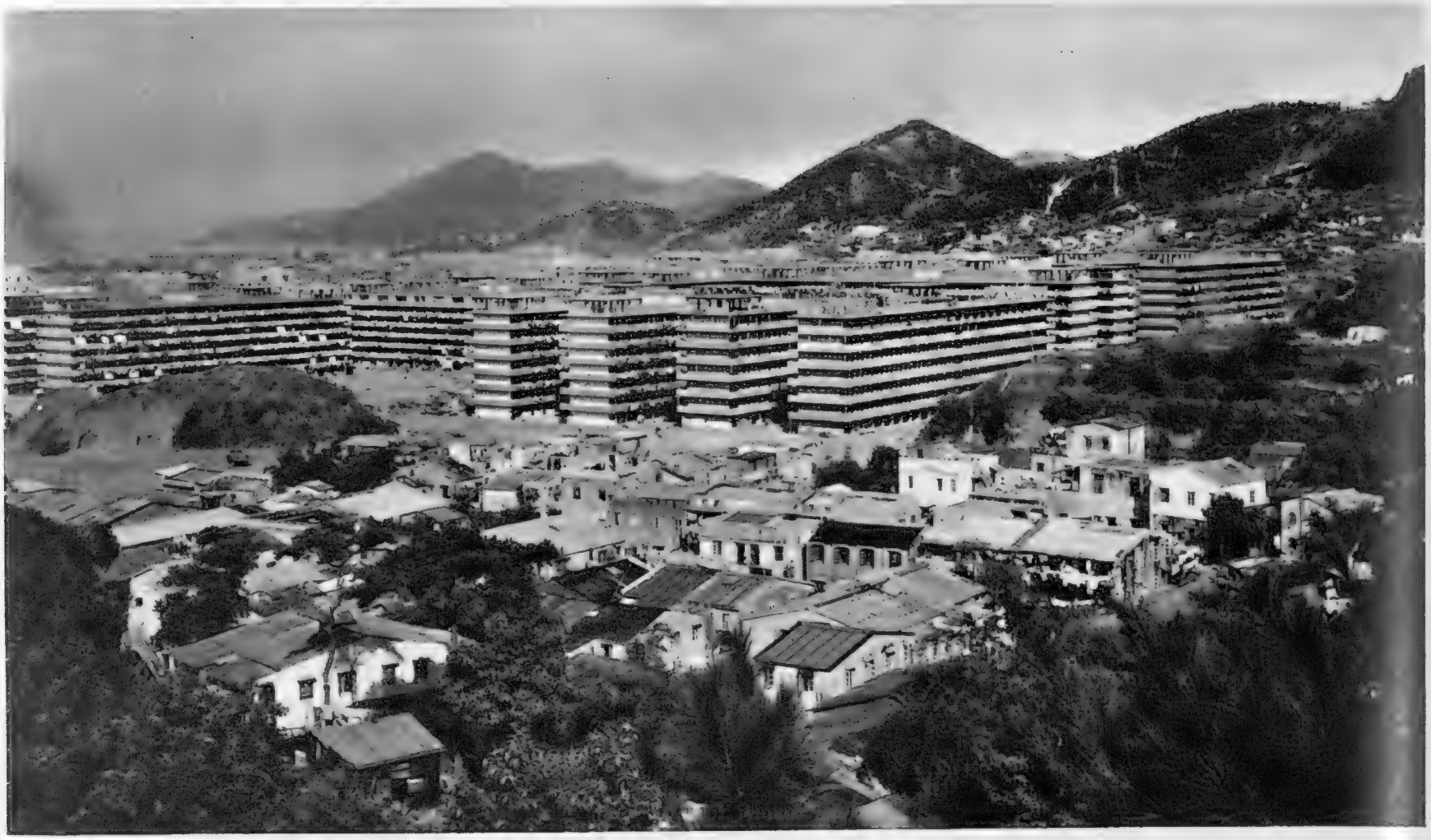
A NEW UNION PRESIDENT: Fifty-seven-year-old Mr. William Carron (on the right) poses for photographers with Mr. Robert Openshaw at the opening of the Congress at the Dome, in Brighton. Mr. Carron had just become President of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, the second largest union in the country, in succession to Mr. Openshaw, who is retiring. The new President, who is a non-Communist, is likely to remain at the head of A.E.U. for the next eight years until he reaches the retiring age of sixty-five. Both men attended the Congress among the representatives of their union. The A.E.U. was particularly involved in the current problem of automation.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS

Delegates from all over the Country Attend this Year's Congress at the Royal Pavilion in Brighton

LEAVING THE DOME FOR LUNCH: The delegates stream out of the Royal Pavilion during the break for lunch on the second day of the Congress. They had spent most of the morning discussing the thorny question of automation and the Chancellor's appeal for more restraint in wage demands.

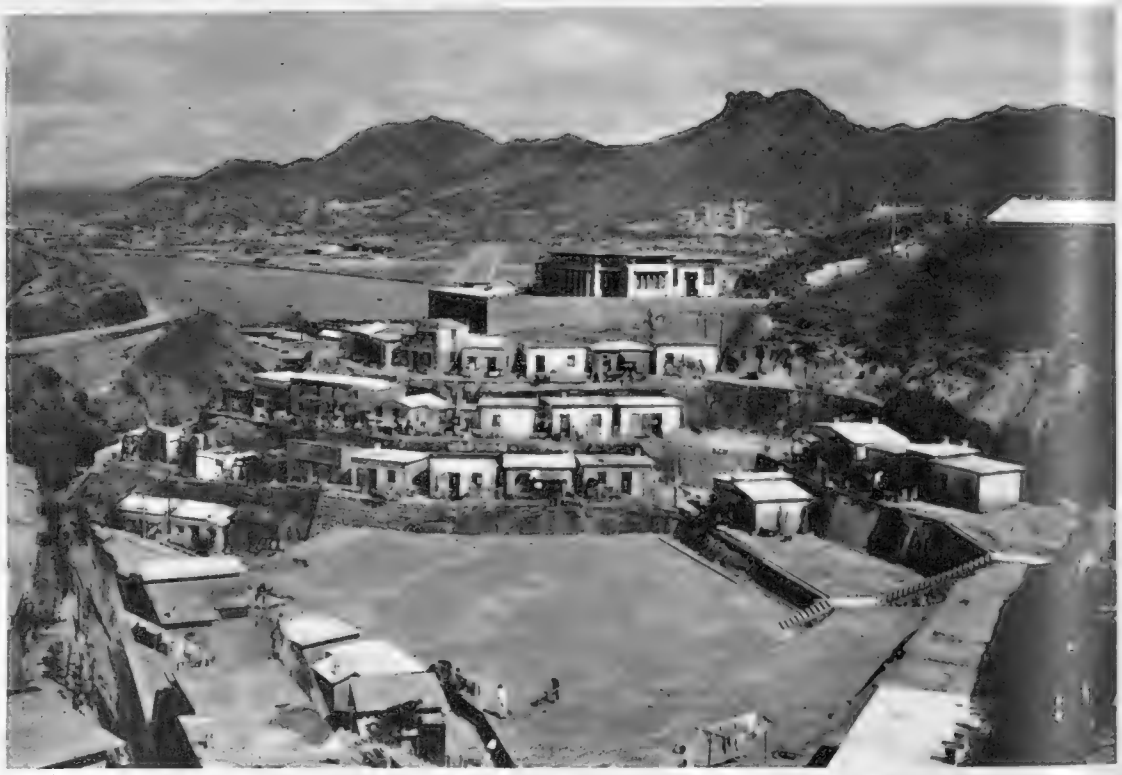
DISCUSSING A RESOLUTION: Dame Florence Hancock, of the Transport and General Workers Union, discusses a point with Mr. Frank Cousins, the union's General Secretary (centre), and Mr. A. L. Hill, a member.



NEW HOUSING FOR TACKLING HONG KONG'S REFUGEE PROBLEM: These huge modern blocks of apartments have been completed recently by the Hong Kong Government to house some of the thousands of refugees who are constantly flowing into the colony from the Chinese People's Republic. Within the past few years the population of Hong Kong has increased by 600,000 through this great influx from China. The colony is very small in area, covering under 400 square miles, while the latest population figure is given as 2,400,000. In 1948, before China fell under Communist rule, it stood at about 1,800,000. An extremely serious housing problem has been the result. Available land, and resources to cope with the many additional mouths to feed, are limited. In spite of these handicaps, the energetic efforts of the Government have met with a good deal of success. There are now, both on the island and in Kowloon, a large number of apartment blocks and new village communities. In the latter, the Government and missionary organisations have developed and encouraged cottage-style industries. While refugees are waiting for their new accommodation, they live either in temporary housing or in whatever makeshift shelter they can find.

HOMES FOR HONG KONG

The Colony's Government is Providing Modern Accommodation for the Constant Influx of Refugees from Red China



HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS : This picture shows one of the small, newly-constructed villages in Hong Kong which have been built to help relieve the refugee problem. The Government and missionary organisations are fostering "cottage" industries in these settlements, to give the refugees an occupation and a living.

EVERY DAY IS WASHING DAY IN THE FLAT COLONY: Visitors to the new Government apartment blocks in Hong Kong usually find laundry draped over the balconies. Refugees have increased the population by one-third—600,000—since 1948.

PEOPLE ON THE WAITING LIST LIVE IN SQUALOR: The shanties on the hill must shelter refugees from Red China while they are waiting for newer and better accommodation in flats or villages. At the bottom of the hill are some old-style apartment houses.

NEW SHOPS FOR A NEW TOWN

A Modern Shopping Centre Rises in Hemel Hempstead for the Advantage of People in Local Housing Estates

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD'S NEW CENTRE OF COMMERCE: This modern block forms part of the shopping centre which is being built in Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire. The shops are under the pillared arcade. The new town centre is at Marlowes, half a mile from the old market square. The latter has been transformed into a car park. The up-to-date market at Marlowes covers an acre of canvas-roofed stalls, surrounded by flower-beds. Two hundred new shops have been planned, and 100 of these have been built so far. Seventy are already in business. Four banking firms will have their premises in one modern building, which is almost complete. The focus of public and administrative activity is also shifting away from the old town. Behind the new market square is a bus station. Close by, Hemel Hempstead's new three-storey police station is under construction. Provision is being made for municipal offices, a county library, a magistrate's court and a town assembly hall. The Hemel Hempstead Development Corporation has already spent £1,500,000 on the new shopping centre. It will cater for the town's new housing estates and light industries which have increased the population in the past nine years from 23,000 to 42,000.

UP-TO-DATE ARCHITECTURE: Quality House is the main branch of the local Co-operative Society, situated in the new shopping centre at Marlowes. It is one of seventy shops already in use. 200 are planned.

On right—

THE OLD SHOPPING CENTRE: With the departure of the focus of trade to Marlowes, the old High Street is quieter than hitherto. The ancient market-place has been turned into a car park to cope with the town's traffic.

MODERN OFFICES AND SHOPS RISE IN MARLOWES: Many are nearing completion, and some are already in use. So far, £1,500,000 has been spent on the shopping centre. This will cater for the population of Hemel Hempstead's new housing estates. These people, some of London's overflow, have increased the town's population from 23,000 to 42,000 since 1947. This figure may grow to 60,000. Light industries which have found themselves cramped in London have moved to Hemel Hempstead.

COURTESY IN CAIRO

Mr. Menzies and his Committee Present the Majority Proposal of the London Conference to Colonel Nasser

Despite initial doubts, the atmosphere in which the Suez talks in Cairo have been taking place has been one of courtesy and even good humour. Both Mr. Menzies, on behalf of the majority Powers, and Colonel Nasser have presented their points of view with every evidence of good will. The aim of the five-man committee has been to bring the discussions down to an economic basis and allow the passions aroused by the question of sovereignty to cool in face of the hard facts of economic considerations. It seems possible that economy will hold the real key to the final solution of the entire Canal problem, for Mr. Menzies and, in fact, all the Western Governments have reiterated again and again that there is no fundamental divergence as far as sovereign rights are concerned. In the meantime, the belligerent and vituperative tone of the Egyptian Press has not changed but continues daily to pour out propaganda of the worst kind. The passions of the Arab nations are hourly stirred with reports of military and para-military preparations and the constantly emphasised slogan that Colonel Nasser will never give way on Egyptian sovereignty. It remains almost certain in any case that the five-man committee do not hope to attain more than the creation of a common understanding which could serve as a basis for a later and more comprehensive agreement. The achievement of this preliminary phase would be worth a great deal.

A GUARD OF HONOUR AT THE PRESIDENCY IN CAIRO: White-uniformed Egyptian troops and cavalry mount a guard of honour outside the Presidency in Cairo for the arrival of the Australian Prime Minister and his five-man committee to begin their consultations with Colonel Nasser.

AFTER THE INITIAL CONSULTATIONS: The Australian Premier enters his car outside the Egyptian Presidency at the end of his first talk with Colonel Nasser. Both sides were able to exchange their views with more than formal good will despite the ever-growing crescendo of Egyptian Nationalism.

SMILES AND COUNTER-SMILES: A good-humoured Colonel Nasser meets the Australian Premier for the opening session of their conversations. Between them, on right, is Mahmoud Fawzi, the Foreign Minister.

GREETINGS ON THE PRESIDENCY STEPS: Mr. Menzies shakes hands with Ato Akulou Habtewold, the Foreign Minister of Ethiopia, who is one of the five members of the visiting committee.

HANDSHAKES IN CAIRO: Mr. Menzies presents Mr. Loy Henderson, the American Under-Secretary of State for Near Eastern Affairs, who is on the committee, to Colonel Nasser. Beside the Egyptian President is Mahmoud Fawzi, the Foreign Minister, and Wing-Commander Aly Sabri, who was Egypt's observer in London.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S LONGEST CANTILEVER BRIDGES: The Forth Bridge with its massive cantilever towers, here seen under construction, was the first long-span railway bridge built of steel. It was completed in 1890, and the contractors were Tancred, Arrol and Co. The consulting engineers were Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker. This picture, from a book by F. A. Talbot, is also reproduced in *The British Civil Engineering Contracting Industry: Illustrated History* (The Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors, three guineas). The book describes civil engineering from its development as an industry two centuries ago to its present and future progress.

CIVILISATION—

THE WORK OF BRITAIN'S CIVIL ENGINEERS

This First of Two Articles Explains the Functions of the Civil Engineer and Traces British Achievements up to 1945. In a Following Article, Mr. Harrison will Deal with the Vast Post-war Development

By GODFREY HARRISON

SUCH substantial works as roads, bridges, harbours, dams, power stations and aerodromes soon become part of the landscape. Though we make use of them every day—or perhaps for that reason—we scarcely think of them as products of human ingenuity ; which is to say, products of engineering, for these two words are close kin in origin and meaning. We do not ask what brains, resource and sheer physical effort went into some old lighthouse or railway tunnel that we have known since childhood : and perhaps when we see a vast modern work taking shape we think that science and mechanisation have made everything easy. These have indeed put new achievements within reach ; but they have not abolished the need for judgment in planning, nor the hardships, uncertainties and occasional risks facing the men who go out to excavate and to build. The civil engineer, whose vocation is to control the great forces of Nature for the use and benefit of man, must first reckon with Nature as an adversary, immensely powerful and often unpredictable.

Without civil engineering civilisation could scarcely progress beyond the pastoral stage. The ancient greatness of Egypt and of the successive Mesopotamian powers was dependent on vast and complex irrigation systems which, by controlling and distributing the waters of their great rivers, enabled those rain-starved countries to support far larger populations than they otherwise could : and when the works fell into disrepair—as they very quickly did if the Government was not strong enough to enforce the annual labour of maintenance—wealth and power soon vanished. Rome's conquests and the administration of her empire were made possible by the famous Roman roads, and the imperial city itself drew its water supply from a marvellous system of aqueducts. Like instances can be found in every period of history and every part of the world.

In Britain's progress during the past 200 years, civil engineers have played a remarkable part. When the Roman legions left the country there was a sad decline of constructional enterprise that continued, with few exceptions, for twelve centuries. In 1750 communications were in a deplorable state. There are many records written about that time which reveal the condition of the roads. A short journey even from London was an arduous and sometimes hazardous undertaking. Not infrequently coaches would overturn, precipitating their occupants into lakes of mud. Goods were mostly carried by packhorse. Ships in harbour generally lay on their beam-ends at low tide. Passengers would approach the Channel packet across an expanse of unsavoury ooze, being carried thither, if willing to pay, by one of the fraternity who rejoiced in the name of " mudlark."

Soon after this date a number of remarkable men appeared and set to work building roads, bridges, canals, harbours and lighthouses, so that within two generations the system of communications was transformed. The names of some of these men, such as James Brindley, John Smeaton, John MacAdam, Thomas Telford and John Rennie (good British names all, with a remarkably high percentage of Scots), are fairly well known ; but they have never yet been given their rightful place in the history books. They were plain men, not given to eloquence, content to spend long hours out of doors in all weathers year in and year out, risking their lives when necessary. Their achievement made possible the country's flying start in the industrial revolution : they provided the means to carry the vastly increased traffic in raw materials, coal and finished products which was essential before Britain could become " the workshop of the world."

The most vital part of this effort in the first stage was the construction of canals. In this Brindley was the pioneer. His first canal connected the Duke of Bridgewater's colliery at Worsley with Manchester and brought down the cost of carriage over that short distance by 34s. a ton. It was opened in 1761. Within fifty years the main industrial towns, coal-mines and ports were linked by a network of canals. Several, joining up with rivers at either end, provided continuous waterways between the east coast and the west. Some climbed to considerable heights by a succession of locks, and were carried beneath hill-crests by long tunnels.

The canals were called " navigations," and the men who constructed them—by sheer muscular effort, with no aid beyond pick and shovel—were known as " navigators," or " navvies " for short : an honourable title, for they did the country an incalculable service.

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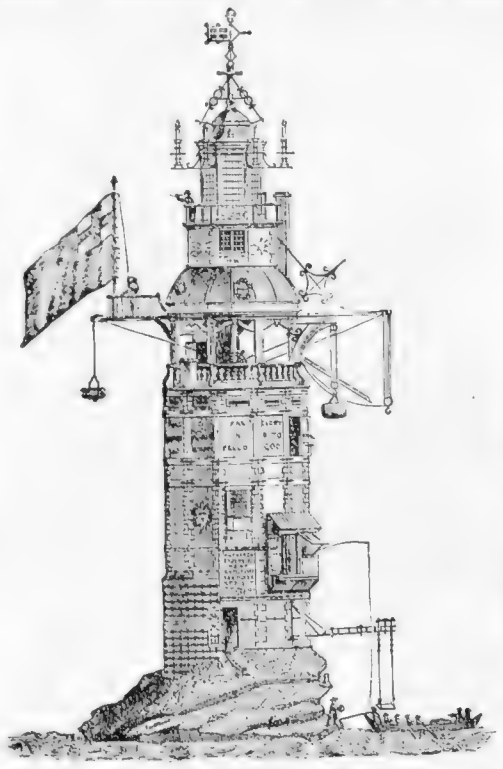
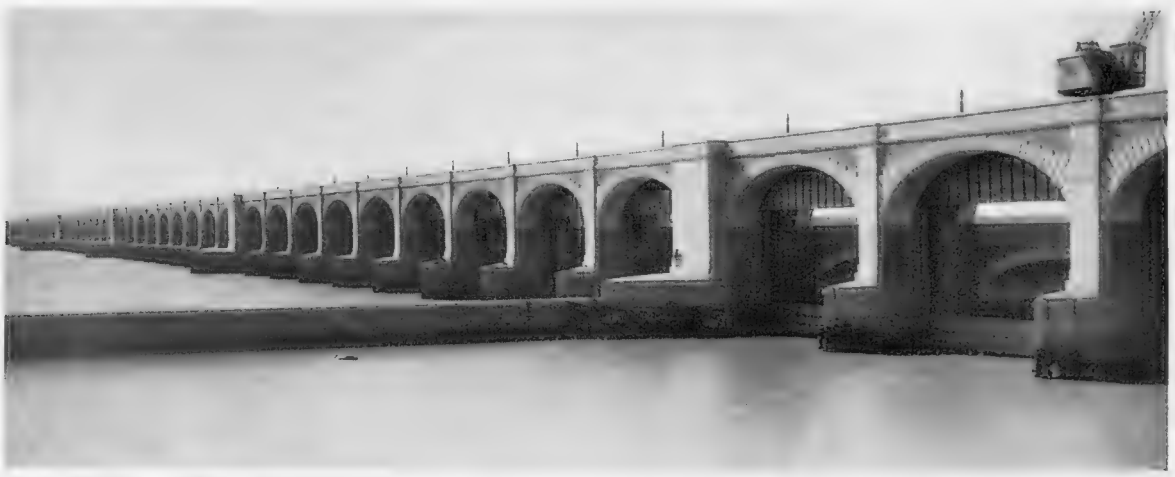


FIRST LIGHTHOUSE ON THE EDDYSTONE ROCK: The light from Henry Winstanley's lighthouse was first shown on November 14, 1698. The building, of wooden construction, was destroyed during a storm in 1703. *(Reproduced from "Lives of the Engineers," by Dr. Samuel Smiles [Murray].)*

PREPARING ST. KATHARINE DOCK, LONDON: Steam-driven pumps were used in the construction of this dock, which was completed in eighteen months. It was opened in 1828. The contractor was George Burge and the engineer Thomas Telford. *(This print, from the Collection of the Port of London Authority, appears in The History of Civil Engineering.)*

LONDON'S EAST INDIA DOCKS IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY: Built between 1803-6 the docks were intended solely for the accommodation of shipping employed by the English East India Company. John Rennie was the joint engineer with Ralph Walker. Originally, there were two basins, but since the last war the smaller of the two (alongside the river) has been filled in and a power station constructed on the site.
(From the collection of the Port of London Authority.)



THE LLOYD BARRAGE ON THE INDUS AT SUKKUR, IN SIND, PAKISTAN: The mile-long dam, which was completed in 1932, forms a reservoir containing water for the irrigation of about 5,000,000 acres. Sixty-six steel gates, each 50 ft. wide, control the flow of water which is distributed through seven main channels. Each of these channels is 346 ft. wide. It is named after Lord Lloyd, a Governor of Bombay.

On right—
CONSTRUCTION IN THE ROCKIES: Work in progress on the five-mile-long Connaught Tunnel which was built for the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1908. The tunnel, which is one of the longest in the world, cuts through Mt. Macdonald on the main line in the Selkirk Mountains. The engineer employed by the railway company was J. G. Fullivan. The construction of Canada's coast-to-coast railways, which are among the engineering wonders of the world, was a vital step not only in material prosperity but also in political unity.

THE PONT CYSYLLTE AQUEDUCT: It was built at the turn Canal across the Dee Valley. 1,007 ft. long, it has nin is made of cast iron to reduce weight. The contractor
(Reproduced by permission of the British Transport

CIVILISATION—THE WORK OF B

(Continued from previous page)

The canal age, the heyday of the early civil engineering giants, was short-lived. By about the middle of the nine teenth century the railways were beginning to take th lion's share of goods traffic. The heroes of the age o steam were the mechanical engineers; though civil engineers played their part by providing tunnels and bridges. The spate of invention also brought specialisation the time when an engineer could turn from a dock or a bridge to a machine, or might even attempt an improve ment to the steam engine, was past.

There were plenty of other outlets for constructional enterprise; for instance, in the control of water. Britain is favoured by Nature in that there is, generally speaking sufficient rain at the right times for growing crops: bu engineering can serve agriculture also by reclaiming good land from floods and protecting it from the inroads of the sea. England's chief land reclamation problem lay in the Fens—in the time of Elizabeth I an expanse of marsh and mere inhabited by a lawless race of fowlers and fishers, ague-ridden and expert in the use of stilts; to-day, one of the richest agricultural areas in the country.

The story of this achievement is long and, in fact, endless. A succession of eminent engineers took part in it, each tackling a limited area and applying particular methods; for there is no single solution to the problem of the Fens. And in a sense each success created fresh difficulties, because when dried out by drainage the peaty soil shrinks and sinks yet further below high-tide level. An essential part of the final solution is to lift the water to a level from which it can flow freely to the sea. This was done first with scoop-wheels driven by windmills, and later by engine-driven pumps. Even now the battle for the Fens is carried on, with daily watch and continual maintenance, by the various River Boards.

The growing industrial towns demanded services on a scale hitherto unknown, particularly water for domestic and

eighteenth century to carry the Ellesmere
arches supporting the water trough, which
nes Yarley and the engineer Thomas Telford.
mission—Waterways section.)

THE GREAT DAM ACROSS THE NILE: A mile and a quarter in length, the Aswan Dam was opened in 1902 and made higher in 1912 and again in 1931-34. Its height then was increased by 30 ft., thus doubling the storage capacity of the reservoir. The original engineer was Sir Benjamin Baker and the civil engineering contractor, Sir John Aird. The engineers for the two alterations were the Egyptian Irrigation Department (under British supervision), and Sir Murdoch MacDonald. The dam lies across the Nile where the river enters Egypt.

BRITAIN'S CIVIL ENGINEERS

ctory use. In the later part of the nine-
enth century they stretched their water-
pply systems far and wide. Glasgow was
e first British city to draw water from a
stant upland source — Loch Katrine.
Manchester began to use Thirlmere, nearly
0 miles away, as a reservoir, raising its
aximum level 50 ft. by means of a dam. Liverpool
eated an artificial reservoir for itself in North Wales
y damming the River Vyrnwy. The aqueducts that bring
ater over these distances, at a rate of tens of millions
f gallons a day, are skilfully engineered, crossing valleys
y bridge or pipe-line and travelling many miles through
nnels.

London, on the other hand, has always so far relied
o nearby rivers, springs and wells ; and the engineering
sks involved have been largely of a mechanical rather
han a constructional kind, from the water-wheel which,
n 1581, Peter Morise installed under one of the arches
f Old London Bridge, using the power of river and tide
o pump Thames water through a pipe into a conduit in
eadenhall Street, to the great modern pumping engines
f the Metropolitan Water Board, which to-day supplies
bout 330,000,000 gallons per day to 6,500,000 people
ver an area of 540 square miles. London, however, also
owes something to civil engineering works for water supply.
An aqueduct was opened in 1613 to bring water from
prings in Hertfordshire to a reservoir at Clerkenwell :
his—the New River—is still in use, though enlarged and
mproved ; not to mention the huge reservoirs and
housands of miles of pipes which serve the city to-day.

The unique experience and peculiar genius of British
ivil engineers was in demand overseas from the time
hen Telford was invited to construct the Gotha Canal
or Sweden. In the Empire, harbours, roads and bridges
ere prerequisites for any kind of development. The
onstruction of Canada's coast-to-coast railways, which
re among the engineering wonders of the world, was a vital step not only in material prosperity but also in political unity. India's twin problems were flood and drought, which between them claimed millions of lives. Engineers provided great works for combined irrigation and flood control which constitute the greatest material legacy of British rule in India. In the process they gained fresh knowledge which they afterwards applied to the inestimable benefit of Egypt, Mesopotamia and other countries.

The standards and status of the profession have been jealously guarded by the Institution of Civil Engineers since Telford became its first president in 1820. To-day the Institution, with its august head office in Great George Street, Westminster, is one of the world's great professional bodies, and election as president of " The Civils " represents the peak of many a distinguished engineering career. It includes the whole industry, both consultants and contractors having their own separate organisations in addition. The Institution has been the parent of a number of similar bodies ; for with the advance of specialisation, separate organisations were formed to represent the various branches such as mechanical, electrical and chemical engineering. These maintain close links with their parent. The civil engineer, taking as his province heavy construction on the grand scale, co-operates with his more specialised brethren wherever appropriate.

Thus electricity, for instance, provided him with new and wide spheres of activity. Steam power stations were being built before the turn of the century. Hydro-electric power had probably its first commercial application in the world at Portrush, Northern Ireland, in 1883, when a small generator driven by two water turbines was installed at Salmon Leap Falls ; and later, schemes of considerable size were constructed in the mountains of Scotland and North Wales.

In such undertakings, while the electrical consultant advises on the selection and installation of plant, the civil engineering consultant is responsible for the location and design of dams, reservoirs, tunnels, pipe-lines and power-station foundations and structures, and the placing of contracts ; he also normally supervises construction, providing a resident engineer and staff for the duration of each major work. In the case of a factory or oil refinery he collaborates in the same way with the mechanical or chemical engineering consultant and often with the architect.

The founders of the Institution chose the word " civil " probably less to distinguish their work from that of military engineers than to designate its constructive nature and its value to the community as a whole. (Perhaps they recalled the connection between " civil " and " civilisation.") There is, in fact, no precise distinction between civil and military engineering. A naval dockyard, for instance, is a civil engineering work. In 1914 or soon after, many civil engineers donned uniform and served with the Army in France : they were responsible for demolitions in face of the advancing Germans, and for reconstructing harbours and bridges destroyed by the enemy in his retreat. During that war the appointment of Civil Engineer-in-Chief to the Admiralty was created.

(Concluded on following page)

On left—

ONE OF THE LARGEST GRAVING DOCKS IN THE WORLD: An aerial view of the Captain Cook Graving Dock at Garden Island, in Sydney, Australia, showing two 50-ton cranes, workshops and fitting-out wharf, during the construction. It was opened by the Duke of Gloucester in 1945. The dock can accommodate any liner, including the two "Queens." Towards the end of the war it was used by the British Pacific Fleet. The consulting engineers were Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners, of London.

Below—

BRIDGEHEAD FOR THE LIBERATION OF EUROPE: "Phœnix" caissons are seen under construction on the South Coast for the Mulberry prefabricated harbour which was used by the Allied armies during the invasion of Europe. The units were launched broadsides and towed across the Channel and assembled off the Normandy coast. Sections of the harbour were built at ports throughout the country.

CIVILISATION—THE WORK OF BRITAIN'S CIVIL ENGINEERS

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Between the wars perhaps the most important development of the civil engineers' activity was in their service to industry; particularly in the depressed or "special" areas, where their function was to assist the Government, not only in building new factories to provide employment, but in creating whole industrial estates.

This and other growing needs required a continual expansion of organisation, knowledge and equipment on the part of consultants and contractors. It was fortunate that this was so, for the Second World War made immense demands upon them. A large number of new factories for weapons and munitions were urgently required; and many of these, like the trading estates, were provided with accommodation for workers, canteens, cinema halls, laundries, and sometimes chapels. Some were built underground. An example, now famous but then shrouded in mystery, is the "Hole in the Ground"—an aeroplane engine factory built in the old Bath stone quarries at Corsham, in Wiltshire, with 60 ft. or more of solid rock for its roof. This covered an area equal to that of the Ford car factory at Willow Run, U.S.A.

Another great war effort was the construction of aerodromes for the Royal Air Force and Royal Naval Air Service. The technical demands of runway construction increased considerably as the four-engined Lancaster and Halifax superseded earlier and much lighter bombers. Between 1939 and 1945 British contractors—in addition to their other tasks—laid high-quality aircraft runways equivalent to four dual-carriageway roads from Land's End to John o' Groats: and it is to be hoped that the skill and mechanical equipment which made that achievement possible—both much increased since—will very soon be put to work to provide the country with the modern road system it so desperately needs.

Among many works for the Navy, two great graving docks were constructed during the war, one at Sydney and one at Cape Town. While full credit is due to the respective Dominions for initiating these projects and providing labour and many essential services, both were designed by engineers in Britain, who also supervised construction on the spot; and British firms supplied much of the permanent equipment such as pumps, electrical plant and dock cranes. These are among the largest graving docks in the world.

As the final stages of the war approached, a group of consultants and contractors was set to work, with all possible urgency and under strict secrecy, to design and construct an assortment of hollow rectangular shapes in reinforced concrete which, towed across the Channel and assembled off the Normandy coast, were to form "Mulberry" Harbour—bridgehead for the liberation of Europe.

Civil engineers, having thus contributed to victory once more, found themselves faced with new and even more exacting tasks in the post-war world. What has been done in the past decade and what is being done to-day forms the subject of a separate article.

ONE OF THE MOST IMAGINATIVE TASKS FOR BRITAIN'S CIVIL ENGINEERS DURING THE LAST WAR—MULBERRY "B" IN USE: The flexible steel causeway is supported on barge-like concrete pontoons. The design and construction of the prefabricated harbour were accomplished with all possible urgency and secrecy.

FARNBOROUGH IS CROWDED WITH THE AVIATION WORLD ON THE OPENING DAY: This general view of the scene at Farnborough was taken on the first day of the Show, when members and guests of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors inspected the static exhibits. The two aircraft centre and right centre are Vickers-Supermarine Swift Mk. 7's. The third fighter to the right is a Hawker Hunter. The nearest Swift is equipped with a Fairey Fireflash guided missile beneath the wing. Furthest from the camera are (from left to right) a Hunting Percival Jet Provost, a Short Seamew, a Scottish Aviation Twin Pioneer, an English Electric Canberra and a Comet 2. *On right*—Britain's first production guided missile, the Fairey Fireflash, also makes its public debut under the wing of a Hawker Hunter Mk. 4.

A RECORD-BREAKER AT FARNBOROUGH : The Fairey Delta 2 takes off from a wet runway. This research aircraft holds the world's air speed record for planes taking-off under their own power, having averaged 1,132 m.p.h. in the hands of Mr. Peter Twiss earlier in the year. It is hoped to develop a practicable fighter from this machine.

AIR POWER ON SHOW

The S.B.A.C. Display at Farnborough Demonstrates Proven Aircraft Types Aimed Principally at Export Markets

This year's Farnborough Air Show was devoted largely to attracting foreign buyers from among the 6,500 manufacturers and representatives of military and civil airfleets from 120 countries who were present. Most of the exhibits were production aircraft types for which orders could be placed, although some civil and military prototypes were on view. Every type of aircraft was shown, except very large, non-stop, transatlantic jet airliners. Three hundred and thirty-eight firms were represented. Orders included some from Canada, India and New Zealand.

Among the spectators were two Russian delegations. The military party was led by Chief Marshal of Aviation P. F. Zhigarev, Commander-in-Chief of the Soviet Air Forces, and the civil delegation by the Minister for the Aircraft Industry, Mr. P. V. Dementiev. They expressed great interest in the products of the British aircraft industry, though they thought that their own aircraft were as good or better. Russia was in no need of British exports in this respect. Members of both delegations made flights in the new Bristol Britannia 301. The chief test pilot of the Soviet Air Force, Lieut-Gen. Blagoveshchensky, made two flights in a Hawker Hunter jet trainer at supersonic speeds, once as pilot.

AIR POWER ON SHOW *(Continued)*

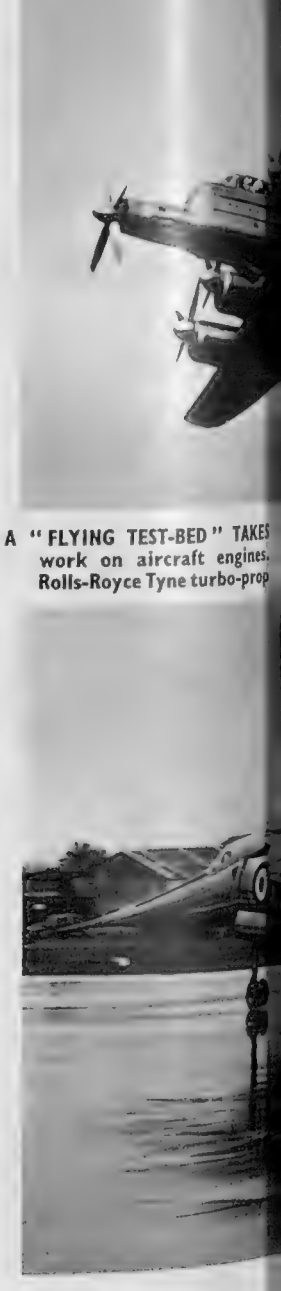
A SAFETY DEVICE DEMONSTRATED: A pilot uses the Martin-Baker patent mobile ejection training tower which simulates the effect of an aircraft ejection seat in operation. A cartridge is fired at the base of the tower, projecting the pilot and his seat up the tower, as if he were leaving an aircraft which was in distress.

THE STATIC AIR DISPLAY ATTRACTS MANY SPECTATORS: In the right foreground is an Avro Vulcan bomber, with an English Electric Canberra beyond it. On the left is the Short Sperrin "flying test-bed" with four turbo-jet engines. In its rear is a Vickers Viscount. *Below*—The Vickers Valiant four-jet bomber demonstrates a take-off, assisted by two de Havilland Super Sprite rocket engines.

Below—

AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF A NAVAL FIGHTER: The rear aspect of the de Havilland 110 all-weather day and night fighter shows its twin tail booms and jet outlets. This fighter for the Navy is powered by two Rolls-Royce Avon turbo-jet engines.

THE RUSSIANS VISIT FARNBOROUGH: Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman (left), Commander-in-Chief of the Soviet Air Forces, Chief Marshal of Aviation P. F. Zhigarev (centre), and Marshal V. A. Sudets (right) watch the flying display.



A "FLYING TEST-BED" TAKES work on aircraft engines. Rolls-Royce Tyne turbo-prop

PART IN THE DISPLAY: The Tyne-Lincoln is used for experimental It is powered by four Rolls-Royce Merlin piston engines and one engine, which protrudes some distance from the plane's nose.

ONE PLANE SWALLOWS A HUNDRED TROOPS: Three lorry-loads of soldiers board a Blackburn Beverley C. Mk. 1 freighter. This 64-ton tactical transport was used to demonstrate the speed at which troops can be embarked and disembarked. Every one of the men was taken on board in less than two minutes, and disgorged in a still shorter space of time. The aircraft is powered by four Bristol Centaurus piston engines.

On left—

THE FAIREY DELTA 2 USES ITS "BRAKES": The holder of the world's air speed record trails its three braking parachutes as it lands on the wet runway at Farnborough. On one day a potentially dangerous situation arose when the parachutes opened as Peter Twiss was taking-off, causing him to lose speed. He averted a possible accident by using his after-burner for extra boost.

RACE RIOTS IN AMERICA

National Guardsmen are Called in to Quell Rioting Stirred up in Tennessee, Texas and Kentucky when Negro Children Attend "White" Schools

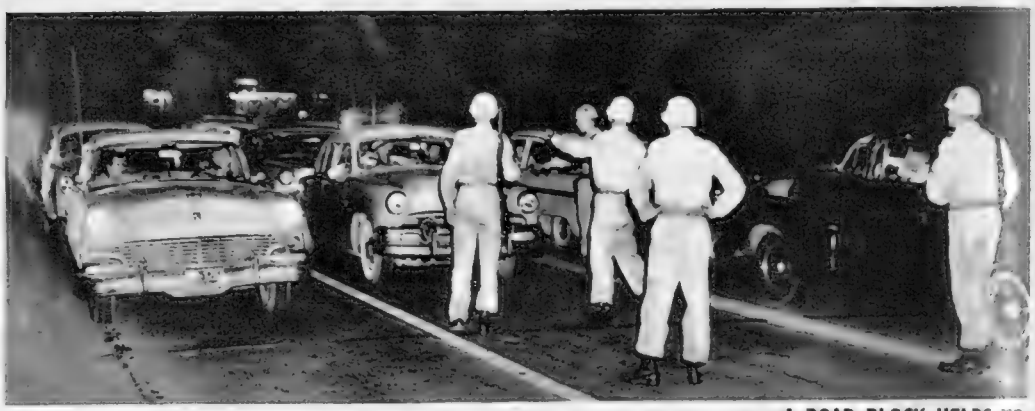
ARMED TROOPS PROTECT NEGROES IN CLINTON, TENNESSEE: Demonstrators against negro children attending "white" schools widened their attacks to include all negroes, including this sailor, who was rescued by National Guardsmen (the American Territorials).

With the coming of a new school term in the Southern States of the U.S.A., racial riots took place in a few towns in Tennessee, Texas and Kentucky. The original excuse was the attendance of negro children in schools where white children were also taught. The demonstrations in Clinton and Oliver] Springs, Tennessee, in Mansfield, Texas, and Sturgis, Kentucky, were isolated instances in States where the integration of white and negro pupils has generally been going forward quietly. There was little excuse for the rioting in Clinton. This town has a very small coloured population, and yet full integration—children of both races in the same class—was not attempted. White and negro children attended separate classes.

For several days, negro children attended a "white" school without causing excitement, until an agitator representing a body devoted to "white supremacy" arrived from far-away Washington. He stirred up local racialism until negro children had to be escorted to school by police amid hostile demonstrations. Next, he was arrested and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, whereupon widespread and serious rioting began in his support. Cars containing negroes were attacked, their occupants narrowly escaping manhandling. The local forces of law and order were powerless. A state of emergency was declared, and reinforcements of State police called into the town. A battalion of Tennessee National Guards (Territorials) arrived with full battle equipment and armoured vehicles, to relieve the State police and help check any further rioting. They patrolled Clinton and nearby Oliver Springs, preventing anti-negro demonstrations and escorting the negro children to school. Outdoor assemblies were forbidden. Many white children were kept away from their classes, but the situation became quieter.

In Mansfield, Texas, a mob prevented six negro children from attending a "white" school. Negroes were hung in effigy. Troops escorted negro pupils to school in Sturgis, Kentucky, where demonstrators were arrested.

THE NATIONAL GUARD HOLDS BACK THE MOB: A jeering crowd is repelled by fixed bayonets during an anti-negro demonstration in front of the court-house in Clinton. The mob was also protesting against the arrest and imprisonment of an agitator from another State who was responsible for the violence.



A ROAD BLOCK HELPS TO EXCLUDE REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE RIOTERS: Cars are held up by National Guards at a check-point outside Clinton in an attempt to prevent further rioting. The 600 troops brought a helicopter and ten armoured fighting vehicles with them, including several tanks.

On left—
NEGRO STUDENTS GO TO SCHOOL: Three coloured pupils file into the Clinton High School. Their white schoolmates wait for their class to begin. For several days hostile demonstrators tried to prevent them attending, but escorts of police or soldiers were provided.

A NEGRO JOURNALIST DEFIES THE DEMONSTRATORS: Against the advice of the National Guard, James L. Hicks (right), editor of the New York *Amsterdam News*, arrives in hostile Clinton.

A RIOTER IS SEARCHED FOR WEAPONS: National Guardsmen, with rifles at the ready, surround and "frisk" a suspect for arms after rioting at Oliver Springs, near Clinton. Fifteen people were arrested for disobeying the Guardsmen's orders. The troops provided the towns with an effective police force for the first time.

SOUTH BANK OF THE FUTURE

The London County Council's Plans for the South Bank Site are Original and Striking

Drawings by
GEOFFREY S. FLETCHER

On left—
A NEW LOOK FOR LONDON'S SOUTH BANK: Superimposed on the right of the picture is an impression of the new group of buildings which will occupy a site at present partly taken up by the Royal Festival Hall, the Shot Tower and other familiar landmarks. It will include the tallest office building in London, as well as a National Theatre, an additional concert hall, a science centre and a hotel. The area is bounded on the river by the County Hall (in foreground) and Waterloo Bridge (top right), and on the land side by Waterloo Station and York Road (bottom right). *Below*—The site to-day, with the Royal Festival Hall (right) beyond the Charing Cross Railway Viaduct. The empty area around the hall is occupied by gardens and construction sites.

Within the next four years or so, London's South Bank will be transformed out of all recognition. Where the Royal Festival Hall now stands in lonely isolation, surrounded by gardens or bare building sites, a miniature "city" will rise, facing the river, and dwarfing the controversial structure which has dominated the South Bank skyline since 1951.

The London County Council plans to provide a riverside "lung," which will combine the characters of a business area and a centre for leisure and entertainment, for the benefit of Londoners and visitors. The object of this combination of functions is to create an area which will be "alive" and attractive by night as well as by day. Building will begin late in 1957. The designer of the South Bank scheme is Dr. Leslie Martin, Architect to the L.C.C.

The area involved lies roughly between County Hall and Waterloo Bridge, and is bisected by the Charing Cross Railway Viaduct. The scheme includes a National Theatre, a small concert hall, a science centre and a hotel, as well as the Royal Festival Hall, which will remain in its present position. All these buildings will lie between the Riverside Walk and Belvedere Road. The National Film Theatre is to be moved to a location under Waterloo Bridge, while the B.E.A. air terminal and the Shot Tower will disappear.

Behind this group of buildings, and towering over them, will be the "business" side of the development—two enormous modern office blocks, the international headquarters of the Royal Dutch/Shell Group of Companies. One block will include a tower of offices, 330 ft. high, in twenty-six stories. This will be by far the tallest administrative building in London. Each block, roughly three-sided, will enclose a green open space. The architect is Sir Howard Robertson, A.R.A. Another office block will rise between York Road and Waterloo Station.

Two squares, comparable in size to Bloomsbury Square and Red Lion Square respectively, will lie between the National Theatre and the hotel, and between the Royal Festival Hall and the small concert hall. Underground car parks will cope with motor traffic. All the buildings in the new project will be linked to each other and to Waterloo Station by a series of promenades at different levels. In these ways, pedestrian and motor traffic will always be separate. It is expected that a new office population of about 12,000 will work in the area.

A SCENE OF DESOLATION: Land is prepared on the South Bank site for the new development scheme, which is to be under way towards the end of 1957. On the right is the B.E.A. air terminal; on the left the Royal Festival Hall. The camera is looking down Belvedere Road from the County Hall end. In the distance is the Charing Cross Railway Viaduct.

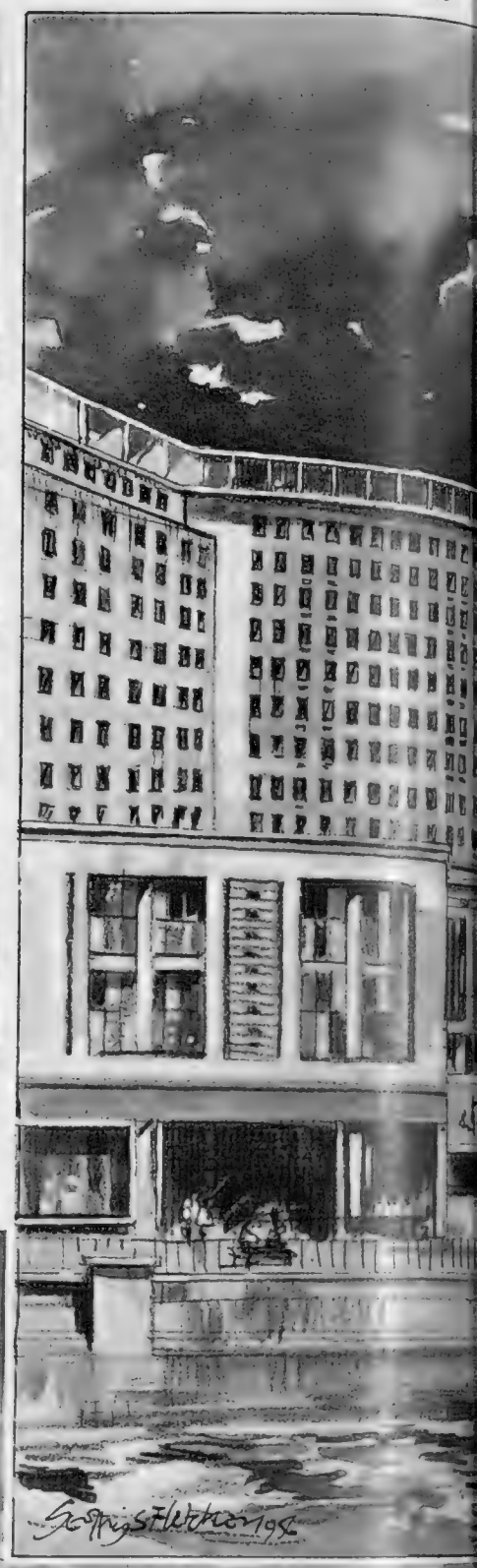
The National Theatre will probably incorporate one large and one small auditorium with a central stage tower. The small concert hall will seat about 1,100. The proposed science centre will be the only part of the scheme to lie downstream of Waterloo Bridge. A hotel will be especially useful to travellers arriving at Waterloo Station. It will face the river, with a ground floor comprising a restaurant, banqueting rooms, lounges, and so forth. There will be two bedroom blocks, one of eleven and one of four stories. The Royal Festival Hall will be linked to the small concert hall so that they can be used as a single entity when required. The B.E.A. air terminal will migrate to the Cromwell Road.

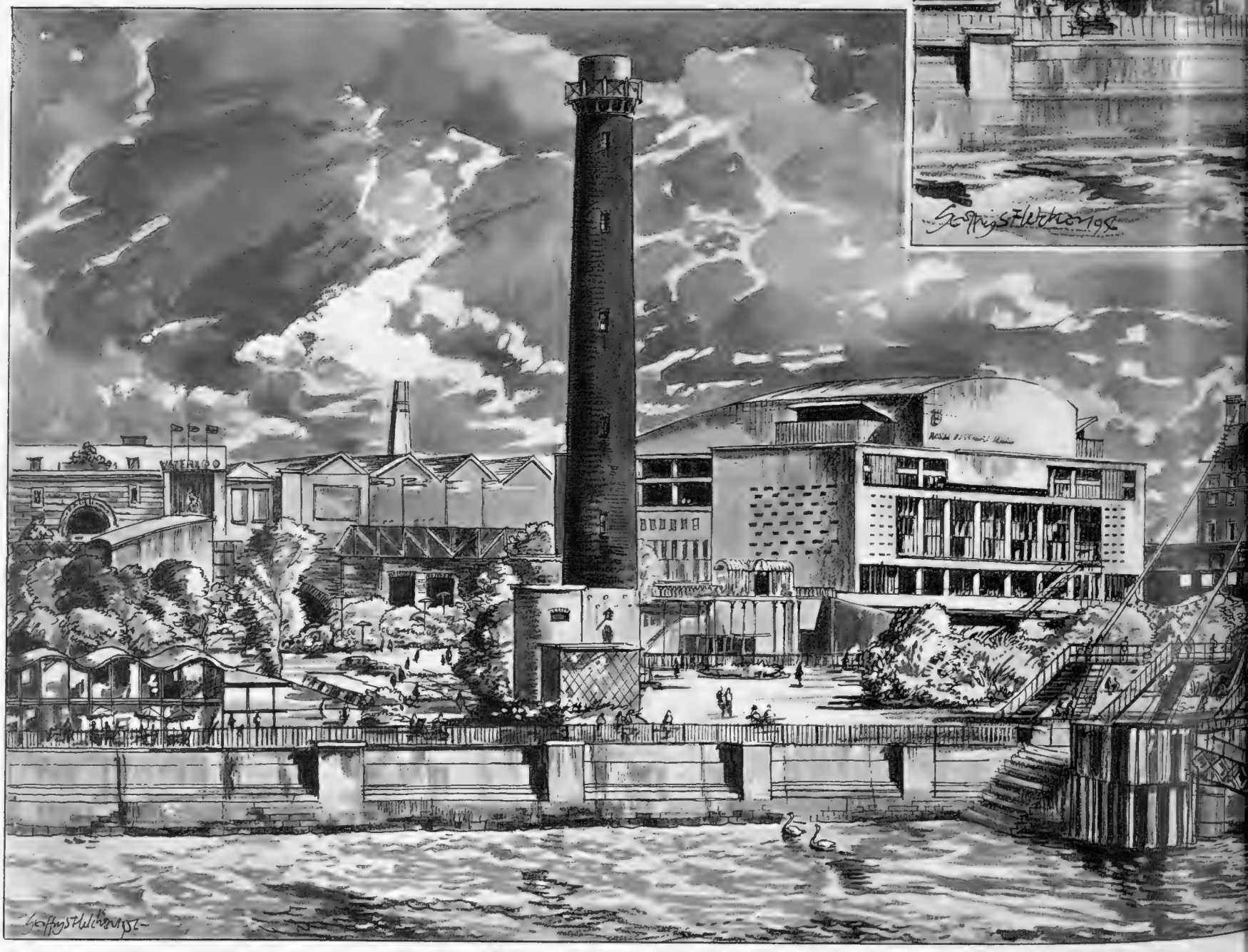
Faced in Portland stone, the two Shell office blocks will lie on each side of the Charing Cross railway viaduct, one upstream and one downstream. The upstream block will be built on three sides of a square with the open side facing the Thames. Mostly of eleven stories, rising to 150 ft., it will be dominated by a twenty-six-story tower over 330 ft. high. Two sides will stand on columns, allowing free passage beneath the building between York Road and Belvedere Road. The London Transport Underground booking-hall, at present in the air terminal, will be incorporated in this block. The downstream block will also be three-sided, two of eleven stories and one of three.

Although it is not an integral part of the South Bank scheme, there is a possibility that a helicopter landing site may be constructed on the roof of Waterloo Station. This is one of several alternative sites which have been under consideration as a replacement for the original South Bank landing ground. It would have the advantage of providing a direct link between the new South Bank and London Airport. There are, however, engineering problems which would make the undertaking very expensive. The roof of the station would need to be strengthened. Waterloo is built on a mound which is honeycombed with Tube tunnels. This would raise difficulties when supports for the landing platform were sunk.

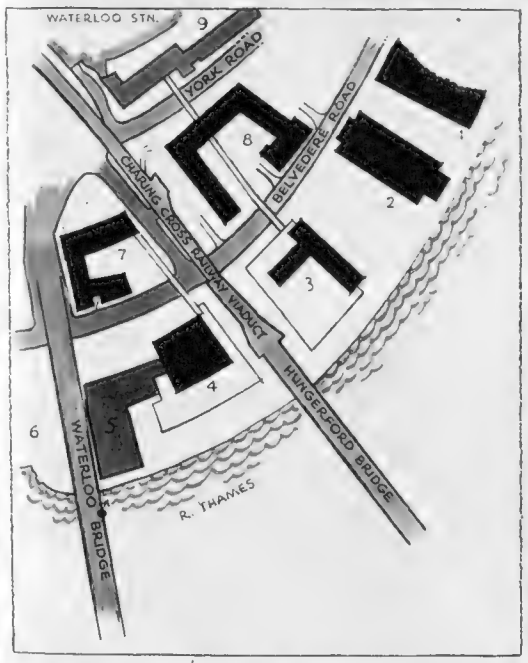
A NEW FEATURE OF LONDON'S SKYLINE: The new international headquarters for the Royal Dutch/Shell Group of Companies will incorporate the tallest office building in London—the great tower in the foreground. Nearest the eye is the upstream block, the larger of the two. In the left background, part of the downstream block can be seen.

SOUTH BANK OF THE FUTURE *(Continued)*





THE SOUTH BANK AS IT WILL APPEAR IN A FEW YEARS: Seen from Waterloo Bridge, the only recognisable feature is the Royal Festival Hall, in the right centre. The tower of the mighty Shell building behind it (right) will be 330 ft. high, with twenty-six stories. The rest of this three-sided block will rise to eleven stories and 150 ft. The side facing the river is cut by a passage leading to York Road. In the left foreground is the proposed small concert hall, divided from the Festival Hall by a green square. The two halls may be used together.



THE FUTURE SOUTH BANK: The map shows: (1) County Hall; (2) National Theatre; (3) hotel; (4) Royal Festival Hall; (5) small concert hall; (6) site of science centre; (7) Shell offices: downstream block; (8) Shell offices: upstream block; (9) office block. The arrow on Waterloo Bridge (at bottom left) indicates the point from which the drawings above and on the left were made.

On left—

A VISTA SOON TO DISAPPEAR: The Royal Festival Hall and the Shot Tower at present dominate the South Bank skyline. In the left background is Waterloo Station. The Riverside Walk will remain.

A LANDMARK DUE FOR REMOVAL: The B.E.A. air terminal (arched building in background) and coach station in the foreground will be moved from their present site to the Cromwell Road, Kensington. Waterloo Station is in the right background. The London Transport booking-hall, at present part of the terminal, will be incorporated on a more elaborate scale in the upstream block of the Royal Dutch/Shell offices.

EXCAVATIONS IN WILTSHIRE

Seven Early Bronze Age Barrows have been Excavated on the Salisbury Plain

THE SKELETON OF AN EARLY BRONZE AGE MAN COMES TO LIGHT: Two helpers carefully remove the soil from around the skull of an Early Bronze Age man. For thirty-five centuries the skeleton has lain in the barrow near Amesbury, Wiltshire, which has just been excavated by Mr. Paul Ashbee and his team.

EXCAVATING A BOWL BARROW NEAR AMESBURY: Archæologists and volunteer helpers work on the excavation of one of several bowl barrows unearthed at New Barn, near Amesbury, Wiltshire. The black posts on the right have been inserted into stake-holes which once marked off a mortuary enclosure in the barrow.

THE SECRETS OF CENTURIES: This fine example of corded decoration was found on part of the collar of an urn discovered in a double barrow on Earls Farm Down, Amesbury. *On left*—Mr. Paul Ashbee, an expert on British barrows (kneeling), examines a ditch which surrounds one of the diggings. He is directing the excavations for the Ministry of Works.

The Ministry of Works has just completed a series of excavations of Early Bronze Age barrows on Salisbury Plain, all of which lie on land, owned by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, scheduled to be ploughed up to bear crops. Two teams under the auspices of the Ministry of Works were sent out to investigate the barrows before the ploughing took place. The first of these, under the direction of Mr. Paul Ashbee, an expert in this field, unearthed four burial-mounds at New Barn, near Amesbury, Wiltshire. The second, led by Mr. J. D. Evans, a Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, who is to become Professor of European Archæology at London University this autumn, investigated a series of three barrows on Earls Farm Down, near Boscombe Down Aerodrome, Amesbury.

During the work of excavation Mr. Ashbee had the help of some fifty archæologists and volunteer helpers, while Mr. Evans was assisted by a team of Cambridge undergraduates on their long vacation.

The diggings brought various relics of the Early Bronze Age to light, including the dismembered skeleton of a man of that time which was found in a bowl barrow at New Barn. The head of the skeleton was displaced from the rest of the remains and was found together with a second skull. Both skulls and the skeleton were found in the same pit. A second skeleton was later found in the mound. A mortuary enclosure was also unearthed. Numbers of small wooden posts were placed in the old stake-holes, which were still marked even after thirty-five centuries, to reveal the shape of the enclosure as it had once appeared.

On both sites a series of cremation pits were brought to light. One of those found on the site near Boscombe Down Aerodrome lay in a disc barrow which was imperceptible except from the air. In the same barrow were the remains of prehistoric workmanship in the form of a well-preserved ditch.

Among the smaller finds was a very fine example of corded decoration which was found on the neck of a cinerary urn. The urn was unearthed in one of the sites on Earls Farm Down. The most important discovery was a cremation burial at New Barn, among the remains of which were found a burial urn, amber and faience beads, a bronze awl and a boar's tusk. This complete discovery has been described as the finest of its kind since the excavations of Sir Richard Colt Hoare more than 100 years ago.

The most common type of barrow found in this part of Wiltshire is the long barrow, which resembles a pear halved lengthwise. Among this type are some of the oldest barrows in the world. Built in the Neolithic and Early Bronze Age, they usually consist of a mound of earth over a stone-covered trench. Most of them are surrounded with a stone circle or ditch. This type of burial trench without chambers is also found in Dorset. In North Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, however, the mounds are often found roofed with flat capstones or with converging beehive vaults.

DISTURBING THE SLEEP OF CENTURIES: The bones of an Early Bronze Age man are carefully disinterred. This particular skeleton posed some problems because the skull was displaced and the rest of the skeleton dismembered. A second skull was found in the same pit.

PREHISTORIC WORKMANSHIP: The ditch, which once surrounded a disc barrow, is uncovered. This barrow was undetectable by the eye except from an aircraft. In the background is one of the hangars on Boscombe Down Aerodrome.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE NAVE FLOOR OF THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL : This view from the north-east shows how the new cathedral will be situated beside the ruins of the old building, which can be seen in the left background. It runs from north to south, with the altar being placed at the geographically north end. Work is now in progress on the installation of stonework up to nave floor-level. Below this is the Undercroft chapel. The spire on the right is that of Holy Trinity Church.

PROGRESS AT COVENTRY

Work Goes Ahead on the Construction of the New Cathedral

The concrete foundations of the new Coventry Cathedral have recently been completed, and work is now in progress on the Undercroft chapel and on the stonework up to the level of the nave floor. Work on the site began in 1954 and in the preparation of the foundations thousands of tons of earth had to be excavated to make way for the area under the nave. This was followed by the sinking of about 670 piles to support the walls. Each pile, which was driven down to about 20 or 30 ft. until rock was reached, must, on an average, bear a weight of about 50 tons. The contractors on the site for this work are John Laing and Son.

The whole of the exterior of the new cathedral will be built of pink-grey sandstone, and the roof of the nave will be as high as the middle of the triple windows half-way up the tower of the old building. The walls on both sides will be formed of a series of massive "cliffs" of stone 3 ft. thick, and set at an angle to the line of the building. Windowed walls will be set between the "cliffs" to complete the angles. At the south end there will be the Chapel of Unity which will be for the use of Free Churchmen as well as Anglicans, and in the north-east corner the Guild Chapel. This will take the place of all the guild chapels in the old cathedral. The ruins of the old building are being retained as a memorial shrine, and the architect, Mr. Basil Spence, has incorporated them as a vestibule to the new cathedral. The foundation stone was laid by the Queen in March. At that ceremony the Bishop of Coventry said the building would stand as a symbol of victorious faith.

On right—

PREPARING THE "HALLOWING PLACES": Situated in the angles between the "cliffs" of stone and windowed walls, each one will represent "some part of the daily life of Everyman as he lives it out in the world." The light from the windows will be directed towards the altar.

"UNDER MILK WOOD" COMES TO LONDON: This scene from Dylan Thomas' "play for voices," which opens at the New Theatre next Thursday after a great reception at the Edinburgh Festival, shows the setting of the fishing village in which the action takes place. From left to right are Gwyneth Owen, Gareth Jones, Peter Halliday, Denys Graham, Donald Houston, Patricia Mort, Dorothea Phillips, Angela Crow and T. H. Evans. The cast of thirty fill, in all, nearly seventy pa[illegible].

Originally written as a radio play, *Under Milk Wood* won the International Italia Prize in 1954. Dylan Thomas conceived the idea of the play as far back as 1947. The setting of the little Welsh fishing village is based on Laugharne, in Pembrokeshire, where the author was then living, and on New Quay, Carmarthenshire, where he lived before the war. In the stage play the successful embodiment of the voices of the original work has been carried out by Douglas Cleverdon and Edward Burnham, who produced the play at the Edinburgh Festival. The settings, which are elaborate, half-realistic and half-formal, are the work of Michael Trangmar, and the songs are composed by Daniel Jones. Donald Houston, who has returned to the stage after a long spell in films, leads the cast of thirty, supported among others by William Squire and Diana Maddox.

ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

"Under Milk Wood" Comes to the New Theatre; and the Old Vic's "Timon of Athens"

THE MEMORIES OF A BLIND SEA CAPTAIN: William Squire, as Captain Cat, dreams on his balcony overlooking the harbour in Dylan Thomas' play. He is watched by Donald Houston (the Onlooker) and Diana Maddox (Polly Garter).

"TIMON OF ATHENS" AT THE OLD VIC: Sir Ralph Richardson in the part of Timon, self-exiled in a cave nears Athens, gives gold to the two mistresses of Alcibiades, Phrynia (Rosemary Webster), on left, and Timandra (Margaret Whiting). The Old Vic production by Michael Benthall is the first play of the Company's present season. At the best, *Timon of Athens* is a badly constructed play that lacks drama in its disjointed plot. The production at the Old Vic, however, clearly owing much to careful collaboration between Sir Ralph Richardson and the producer, has a large measure of success, due to careful editing and direction. The inevitable contrast between the two sections of the play, Timon at court and Timon in the wilderness, is not avoided but played with a calculated opposition of styles which goes a long way towards making the change dramatically acceptable. In the first half the emphasis as regards both decor and acting is on the pomp and majesty of kingship, while the second reveals only the desolation of the other extreme. Good performances by Dudley Jones as Apemantus, Leon Gluckman as Ventidius, and John Humphry as Lucius back up a very fine piece of acting by Sir Ralph Richardson.

HIGHWAYS AND BRIDGES

Improvements on English Roads; and the World's Longest Bridge, in America

A NEW BY-PASS ROAD FOR A MAIN INDUSTRIAL ROUTE: This picture taken from the air shows the new by-pass which is under construction to take the traffic stream away from the narrow main street of the Hertfordshire village of Markyate. Up to now the main street, which has a width between kerbs of only 16 ft., has formed part of the main road (A.5) from London to the industrial heart of the Midlands. The village has become a bottleneck through which the heavy lorries using the road have had to crawl at a slow pace. The construction of the by-pass, which cuts through fields and copses behind the main street, was begun last November.

THE WORLD'S LONGEST BRIDGE: Two columns of private cars wait to cross the longest bridge in the world over Lake Pontchartrain, New Orleans, in Louisiana. The picture was taken on the day it was opened for toll traffic for the first time. Both columns can be seen converging on the toll station. The bridge, which is twenty-four miles long, is built of steel and reinforced concrete. The total cost of the project was almost £16,500,000. To cross the bridge a driver must pay a toll of one dollar (7s.) and will probably need a gallon of petrol in order to cover the twenty-four miles to the other side.

THE CROMWELL ROAD EXTENSION: The picture above shows the junction of the Cromwell Road Extension with Wellesley Road, Chiswick. The extension will provide a by-pass for traffic between Hammersmith and Chiswick so that the congested shopping areas can be avoided. The last quarter-mile of the extension will take the form of a fly-over which will link the Cromwell Road with the Great West Road. Construction on this final project is to begin early next year and should be ready for use by the end of 1959. The cost of this section is expected to be in the region of £250,000.

IMPROVEMENTS TO THE GREAT NORTH ROAD AND THE NORTH CIRCULAR: Work is in progress at widening the Watford by-pass from Mill Hill Broadway to Five Ways Roundabout, Hendon, N.W. Similar work is being carried out on the Barnet by-pass at the entrance to the North Circular Road from Highgate. The dual-carriageway is to be extended through both these by-passes to enable them to take a greater volume of traffic with a faster flow.

The Sphere of Travel

THE TRAVELLER IN ROME

A Newcomer to the Eternal City, or the Traveller with Little Time, should Plan his Tour Selectively to Avoid Mental Indigestion and Physical Exhaustion

By GORDON COOPER

FOR many people, a visit to Rome is in the nature of a pilgrimage ; and it is very different from any made to other cities in Europe. Without hesitation, I claim that Rome is the most interesting of all the world's capitals. Its appeal is so varied and complete that surely no traveller, however humble or whatever his tastes, will leave disappointed. To the newcomer it is new and strange yet familiar. The Colosseum, the heights of the Capitol, St. Peter's with its familiar dome, the wide-spreading *piazza* in front, with its two superb fountains—all these are known to us from childhood.

While there are many who possess a wide knowledge of the Eternal City, there are many more lacking experience, and it is for the latter that this article is designed. The suggestions I give are also intended for those whose time is limited, as is so often the case to-day.

For your comfort and proper enjoyment, a visit to Rome should be made either in the spring or autumn. During the summer months the great heat makes sight-seeing exhausting, but if you must go at this time, then make sure of your hotel reservation well in advance, for the city is invariably overcrowded with tourists. Recommended hotel centres are the Via Vittorio Veneto, in the neighbourhood of the Piazza di Spagna ; around the Pantheon, in the heart of old Rome ; and across the Tiber, in the vicinity of St. Peter's. But wherever you stay, a pair of ear-plugs is advisable if you want sleep ; for the Romans, like all Italians, love noise, especially that caused by the exhausts of motor-cars and motor-cycles.

Your enjoyment of Rome will also be increased considerably by some preparatory reading. Without it, much that you see will be practically meaningless. The ideal visitor would want to saturate himself in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (Everyman edition ; 6 vols.), but if this is too formidable, there is an abridged edition (2 vols.) published by John Murray, which is out of print but can be bought second-hand. Then there is Edward Hutton's *Rome* (Hollis and Carter), a standard work and traveller's companion.

Practical guide-books include Muirhead's Blue Guide for *Rome and Central Italy* (Ernest Benn) ; Verdesi's *New Guide to Rome*, and my own *A Fortnight in Rome* (Percival Marshall), now in its fourth edition. Worth noting, too, is the abundantly illustrated section on Rome in *Wonders of Italy*, a Florentine publication, but with explanatory captions in English. Then, for those who can read Italian, there are the two volumes published by the Italian Touring Club. All the books mentioned can be bought in Britain.

On arrival in Rome, the newcomer is apt to feel confused. The city is so vast and so complicated. There are so many buildings and monuments he feels should be seen that he may become dismayed. Therefore, if exhaustion is to be avoided, sightseeing should be planned with discrimination. Decide just what can be covered comfortably in the time available—and leave the rest to some future visit.

There are organised coach tours which can help you to get orientated, but they are hardly satisfying otherwise. It is far better and more rewarding to set out on foot, armed with a street plan. The Falk publication is my recommendation. You then have time to stand and stare, and to make your own discoveries. The lively street scenes, the superb vistas, the enchanting fountains, and the many odd corners exist by the score, but are seldom listed in guide-books. You must be your own guide.

As a change from walking, there is in Rome the finest hour's tram-ride in Europe—and it costs a mere 20 lire (2d.). Take the tramcar labelled " Circolare Destra " or " Circolare Sinistra "—the difference is merely one of direction in the circuit—and you follow a route which passes by or near the Palace of Justice, the Castle of St. Angelo, St. Peter's, Isola Tiberina, the Theatre of Marcellus, Palatine Hill, the Arch of Constantine, the Colosseum, St. Peter-in-Chains, St. Maria Maggiore, Termini Station, Porta Pia, Porta Pinciana, the Park of the Villa Borghese, the Pincio and the Porta del Popolo. There is not a dull moment. Each time I visit Rome I make this " Little Tour."

Immediately after my arrival, I set out just before dusk to pay calls on some favourite spots. I start with the Piazza di Spagna, take a coffee in the nearby historic but rather faded Caffe Greco, climb the famous Spanish Steps and walk along to the Pincio, from which there is one of the finest views of the city. Descending to the Piazza del Popolo, I continue on to the vast Piazza Navona, built on the site of the Circus Agonalis of Domitian. Here I dine in the open (weather permitting) at the restaurant Tre Scalini, looking on the three amazing fountains, two of which are by Bernini, and enjoying the scene of the thronged promenade. (The *tartufi* enormous chocolate truffles made of chocolate ice, are a speciality of the Tre Scalini, and it is the fashion to go there after dinner to eat them.)

RELICS OF IMPERIAL ROME PRESERVED: The Forum of Trajan is one of the finest of the Imperial fora preserved within the city. On the left is the Column of Trajan. The sixteenth-century church of Santa Maria di Loreto is in the background.

After dinner I wander on in the direction of the Capitol Hill, the heart of ancient Rome. My meander through the narrow streets and lanes of the old city invariably brings me to the tiny Piazza Mattei, with its " Fountain of the Tortoises," by Giacomo della Porta. It is, surely, the loveliest fountain in all Italy. The design consists of four bronze youths, each supporting a tazza ornamented with tortoises. The fountains of Rome merit an article of their own.

To the imaginative the Capitol is the abode of the ghosts of all those famous Romans who ruled the civilised world for so many centuries. I pass the superb equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius—legend claims that the world will come to an end when the last of its gilding has worn off, and the Day of Judgment will be announced by a voice speaking from the horse's forelock. I then take the short Via del Campigoglio (on the right of the Palace of the Senators). This leads to a small platform overlooking the Forum, whose ruins are still one of the wonders of the world. Under a full moon or on Saturdays and Sundays during the summer, when this one-time piazza of Rome is cleverly flood-lit, the effect is magical.

Eating out in Rome is a great joy, and if you make your own discoveries of restaurants and *trattorie*, the pleasure is increased. Don't be afraid to experiment. In addition to the Tre Scalini, I invariably dine at least once at Il Re degli Amici (Via del Croce, not far from the Spanish Steps) and at Alfredo's, in the Piazza S. Maria in Trastavere—do not confuse this Alfredo's with others in the city. Incidentally, near St. Peter's and the Vatican Museums there are some good *trattorie* in the Borgo Pio—Nos. 62 and 124 can be recommended. You should learn how to order typical Roman dishes, while the local wines from the Alban Hills should suit most people's tastes.

A week's stay in Rome is really the minimum I would advise, for apart from city sightseeing there are some outside excursions which should be made. In fact, I recommend that a third of your time should be devoted to these. Close at hand is the historic Appian Way, which runs from Rome to Brindisi. Make for the Porto San Sebastiano, near which is the Arch of Drusus, and then continue on, preferably on foot, as far as the Tomb of Cecilia Metella. Along this two-mile stretch are several catacombs and many ancient relics. Another short trip (half-day) is to Old Ostia, which was once Rome's mighty port. Recent excavations have unearthed a city which rivals Pompeii in interest.

Slightly further afield is Tivoli, where the lovely gardens and many fountains of the Villa d'Este are a refreshing

THE LARGEST CHURCH IN CHRISTENDOM: The main façade of St. Peter's rises beyond the great Piazza di San Pietro. One of the two famous fountains is on the left. The length of the piazza is 366 yards; the breadth 260 yards. Just out of sight on the right is the central obelisk. In the right background is a part of the Vatican, the Papal residence.

THE RIVER OF ROME: On the far bank of the Tiber is the Castel Sant'Angelo. The Vatican and the dome of St. Peter's are beyond. The Ponte Sant'Angelo spans the river.

oasis on a hot day. Nearby is Hadrian's Villa, the favourite residence of the great Emperor. Here, as his biographer Spartian relates, Hadrian "created in his villa at Tivoli a marvel of architecture and landscape gardening; to its different parts he assigned the names of celebrated buildings and localities, such as the Lyceum, the Academy, the Valley of Tempe and Canopus, while in order that nothing should be wanting he even constructed a presentation of Hades, according to the imagination of the poets." There were theatres, baths, temples and a magnificent Imperial Palace, but to-day you must re-create these in your imagination, for only bare ruins remain.

Other recommended excursions are to the so-called Castelli Romani, which are not castles, as their name might suggest, but small towns scattered on the slopes of the Alban Hills famous throughout history for their surrounding scenery and their wines. Go to Subiaco, set in magnificent mountain scenery and famous for its monasteries of the Benedictine Order, where there are superb frescoes and fine cloisters; to Cerveteri and Tarquinia, for Etruscan enthusiasts, and, possibly, to Viterbo and Aquila, both of which are fascinating medieval cities.

In conclusion, here are some practical suggestions. Make use of the information offices in Rome for free literature and inquiries; purchase a copy of the current *La Settimana a Roma*, for it contains much useful information, including the hours during which the museums are open; bring your "smokes" with you, especially cigars and pipe tobacco, possibly cigarettes, although an Italian brand called "Virginia" is quite satisfactory; do not allow petty irritations to disturb your equanimity; do not waste time seeing things which do not interest you; and, most important, do not become exhausted by too much sightseeing.

USEFUL INFORMATION

For further information;

Italian State Tourist Department, 201, Regent Street, London, W.1.

In Rome there are several information offices, including those at Piazza Barberini, 21, and in the Termini Station.

For maps and guide-books, Barmerlea Book Sales Ltd., 10, Bayley Street, London, W.C.1.

Specialist travel agent: C.I.T., 10 Charles II Street, London, S.W.1.
(Also offices in Rome: Piazza dell' Esedra, Piazza Colonna, Termini Station.)

AN EMPEROR'S TRIUMPHAL ARCH: The Arch of Titus stands at the east end of the Forum Romanum, which lies in the background. It was erected to commemorate Titus' victory over the Jews in A.D. 70. The Arch of Septimus Severus can be seen through the Arch of Titus. In the distance are the Victor Emmanuel Memorial and the Capitol Hill.

OUTSIDE THE CLUB-HOUSE AT THE ROYAL MID-SURREY GOLF CLUB AT RICHMOND: Competitors and guests at the Illustrated Newspapers' Golf Meeting are seen after the annual medal competition for "The Sphere" Golf Challenge Cup. In the foreground are, from left : Mr. D. R. M. Reid (winner of the cup in 1954) and Mr. R. Bett, runners-up for the bogey foursomes ; Mr. W. J. Marrable, the winner of the trophy ; Mr. Charles Snelling, vice-chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., proprietors of *The Sphere* ; Mr. J. M. Connell and Mr. G. Pangbourne (last year's runner-up for the cup), winners of the bogey foursomes, and Mr. G. H. Gascoigne, winner of the putting competition. This popular annual invitation meeting has taken place every year (except during the war) since 1926, and is attended by many prominent people both in the publishing and business worlds. This year there were sixty guests and competitors.

BUSINESS EXECUTIVES AT GOLF

The Annual Competition for "The Sphere" Golf Challenge Cup

PRESENTING "THE SPHERE" CUP: Mr. Marrable, who had a net score of 74, receives the trophy from Mr. Snelling, vice-chairman, Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.

ON THE COURSE: Mr. G. Dorman (left) is with his partner, Mr. T. S. Darbyshire. *On right*—Mr. Kenneth Horne walks with Mr. I. J. Penrice, who was the winner of the nine secret holes under handicap.

MR. SNELLING DISCUSSES A POINT WITH THREE OF THE GUESTS: He is seen in conversation with Mr. H. Tingay (sitting), Sir Graham Hayman (who was Mr. Snelling's partner in the competition), and Mr. J. Grant. Mr. Snelling presented all the prizes.

CHECKING SCORES : From left to right are Mr. L. M. Masius, Mr. W. J. Marrable, Mr. J. H. Tilbury, and Mr. H. A. Oughton. In the picture *on the left* are Mr. P. Broom (pointing), Mr. R. Hale, Mr. F. L. Challis, and Mr. J. Jefferies. As in the past six years the weather at last week's meeting at Richmond remained mainly fine.

EUROPE in PERSchwepptive

Last comes our surprise report from SPAIN. Our corps of Schweppesialists, unpaid (but on an ex-schweppes account) have reported that in Spain there is no sign of any Perschwepptive whatever. To clarify their findings in a phrase — was is is, is is was. Dr. Rudelsbein, the American member of our team, an ethnoeducationist, researching on the Spanish tendency to be slightly late, was able to prove, by living for two months in a *choza* above Torremolinos, that he "found no progress among teen-age groups in the awareness of the core activities vital to life-adjustment problems, so that there were as yet few of the basic social processes one would hope would evolve from a more balanced behaviour relationship."

But if Old is New and New is Old, there is some hope that western influences may before long be making their mark on Spanish peninsularity. If there are still areas untouched by chewing gum, and restaurants which make no attempt to serve warmed-up shepherd's pie and stewed bottled rhubarb, there are definite signs of soccer in Madrid, the ladies of the flounce and the castanet have been observed casting anonymous glances at the more or less two piece, and the fact that the biggest bull-ring in Barcelona has recently seen a performance of Cinderella on ice suggests a glorious future, even a more pleasing present. If in Spain the Perschwepptive is intangible, we can still say it is a land of prospwepts.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

ADVENTURE AT EIGHTY

Mrs. Patterson's Life in the Mountains; Novels by Miss Rose Macaulay and Mr. Wyndham Lewis; and a Selection of Other Fiction

WHEN a lone woman decides to leave her cosy little home in San Francisco and make for the mountains and a remote and rickety log cabin, that is courageous enough, but it is even more so when one finds that she has recently come out of hospital. To cap it all, however, there is the small fact that this intrepid person was exactly eighty years old and eighty-one when she finished writing the story of her adventures.

There can't be much doubt that Mrs. Stella W. Patterson, the author and heroine of DEAR MAD'M (W. H. Allen. 15s.), is good for several more years of mountain greenery. She was living what she describes as "a cushioned, old-ladyish life in San Francisco," under the loving and solicitous eyes of her relatives and friends when, stimulated rather than daunted by a visit to hospital, she decided to try the adventure of living alone at eighty in the cabin she had bought some time before in the timber forests of northern California. The cabin was 100 miles from the railway and five miles from the two men who were looking after her claim and who, in the end, decided to look after her, too.

But looking after someone at such a distance is at best a chancy affair, and Mrs. Patterson faced terrifying storms, burning trees, marauding goats, on one occasion even a mountain lion and days of uninterrupted solitude. Her response to her situation and its very real hazards was quite simple: she enjoyed it all. She refurbished the cabin, dyeing curtains yellow with onion skins and green with cress, tacking up bits of tree-bark for frames and painting kitchen shelves with a mixture of flour, water and mercurochrome which she says—and I 'm sure she is right—gave the place a touch of gaiety.

Mrs. Patterson loves flowers, so what more simple to her direct and active character than to plant out a garden in terraces on the steeply sloping ground, under the giant trees? She dug and raked and sowed and the results in that generally mild climate filled the place with colour. One can only admire, take one's hat off to and generally toast the possessor of such splendid vitality and the writer of such an unusually spirited chapter of autobiography.

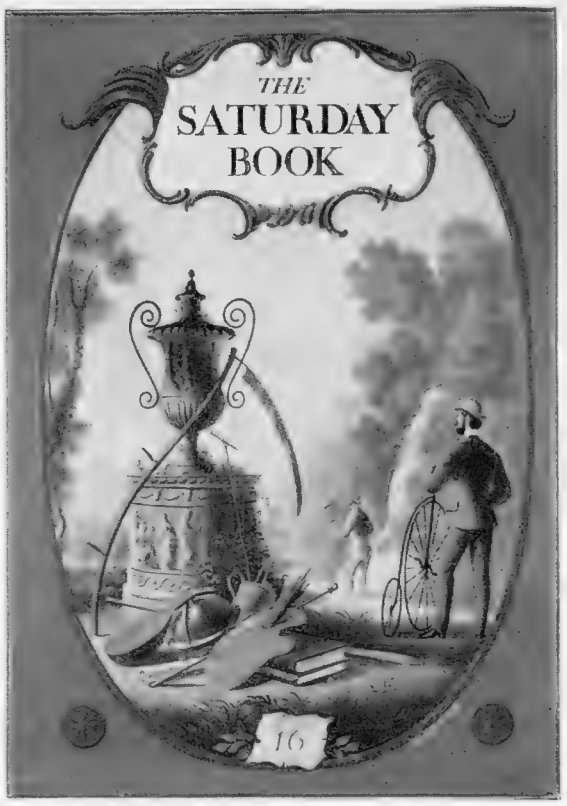
The first two of this week's novels are by authors who have been distinguished names in English letters for more than thirty years: Miss Rose Macaulay and Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Even if, in each case, their output were as prolific as Simenon's—which it is not—a novel from either of them would be a considerable literary event. THE TOWERS OF TREBIZOND (Collins. 13s. 6d.) shows Miss Macaulay's vigorous and subtle talent at its best, for this is a book which in a discreet measure combines the virtues of an imaginative guide to the seacoast of Turkey, a tender and ill-fated love-story, an enquiry into comparative religions as they affect people of the present day, and a magical, dream-like evocation of the long-ago civilisations which have left their traces on the coasts and the lands bordering the Black Sea. To add that there are constant flashes of the writer's summer-lightning wit, brilliant but never lethal, is to give some idea of the protean nature of this remarkable novel.

English eccentrics have had their chroniclers for generations and it has sometimes happened that their peculiar originalities have been best conveyed by their own uncommented journals. This is the plan which Miss Macaulay has adopted for her story of a young woman and her aunt travelling in Turkey with (and frequently on) their white Arabian racing camel. Their object is to examine the condition of Turkish women and to convert them as often as possible to the faith of the Anglican Church. The aunt is pink-faced, optimistic and a dedicated feminist; the niece who tells their story is presumably personable, clear-sighted and deeply in love with a man who loves but cannot marry her. Both women are alike in their independence of mind, their fantastic personal courage and their reasoned loyalty to the family's long tradition of Anglicism. They have both also inherited their forbears' predilection for fishing, as strongly as any of those jolly monks in the Victorian lithographs, and although the niece lacks the missionary spirit of her elder, they are both deeply concerned with the history of their Church. In their journey to Turkey they are accompanied by an elderly clergyman, thoughtfully described as "an ancient bigot."

Trouble starts when the aunt and the bigot disappear over the Russian border, behind which the lady has seen a possibility of good fishing and the priest has scented the chance of some really interesting conversions. Alone with her camel, the niece explores the coast and the country and makes her way slowly south to Alexandretta and a lovers' meeting. The story ends with many questions unresolved, and the future indefinite, but with the reader satisfied that he has been in the company of a cultivated, profound and diamond-sharp mind.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis writes of an Anglican clergyman of a persuasion "High" enough to satisfy even the old gentleman of the book above. He has, however, other proclivities, since he has been public schools boxing champion and retains the use of this art to a sometimes alarming degree. He has also preached a sermon in his London church in which he compared the Sermon on the Mount with Communism, has entertained Russian clerics and is generally known in Belgravian and Pimlico purlieus, not to speak of the popular Press, as THE RED PRIEST (Methuen. 15s.).

In his tenets, in his love for the beautiful wife who half-reluctantly decides to marry him, and in his relations with his colleagues and acquaintances, the Red priest is a man of violence. He is intransigent and yet has some of the indolent moments of a weaker man. He is vague about money, spends it on his church and cannot understand his wife's attitude to her own sizeable inheritance. In fact, he considers her stingy. His career ends by force; he loses his church, is tried for murder, serves a prison sentence, and on his release becomes a missionary in the Far North, where he is killed by Eskimos. It is perhaps only Mr. Wyndham Lewis who could have convinced us that this man is the most interesting and even the most attractive character in the whole story. But then, there is no one quite like Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Long may he continue to provoke us, entertain us and give us furiously to think.



THE SIXTEENTH "SATURDAY BOOK": This year's issue of the *Saturday Book* contains contributions from thirty-five authors and artists. Among them are John Betjeman, Philip Gough, James Laver, Marguerite Steen, Kenneth Tynan, and Evelyn Waugh. The book (Hutchinson. 30s.) is edited by John Hadfield with the usual care that one has learnt to expect with this annual publication. The illustration on the dust cover is by Philip Gough.

THE FALLING LEAF (Collins. 13s. 6d.) is Herr Gerd Gaiser's novel about a German Fighter Command Group, and it has been translated from the German by Mr. Paul Findlay. The period is toward the end of the war when the outcome was already decided and when a German squadron leader could say grimly to his men: "Finished? I know who 's finished. The whole bloody fighter arm 's finished. And d'you know when it happened? You can pinpoint the day pretty accurately. It was that day in September, the day when the Battle of the Island was lost, the day when the sky was suddenly full, although nobody was expecting much any more . . ."

This is the war in the air from the other side of the picture, the reverse of the coin, and it is unexpectedly gripping, even moving.

From the Luftwaffe to naval occasions and to Commander Gilbert Hackforth-Jones' story of a submarine, a sailing-boat, a legacy and a court-martial. DEATH OF AN ADMIRAL (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is impeccable when it comes to the technical aspect of submarines, of wardrooms, of naval entertainment or of the relationship of officers and men. It is slightly more shaky when it is concerned with the delicate balance between a straightforward sea story and an imbroglio of spying and counter-spying. By and large, though (or do I mean full and by?), this is an extremely readable and lively affair and several literary notches above the "rattling good yarn" category.

It has been nine years since the last novel by Mr. Kenneth Roberts, so that one is all the more pleased to welcome BOON ISLAND (Collins. 13s. 6d.), which is set in England and America in the second decade of the eighteenth century and is about two young men who, from a chance meeting, form a friendship and become involved in an accidental but violent death. They set sail from Greenwich and are eventually shipwrecked on a barren, ice-covered island not far south of Nova Scotia. They survive in spite of a wicked nor'-easter and live to make fast friends and allies of some of the laconic, close-mouthed folk of Maine.

THE STATE OF MIND (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.) is a volume of twenty-two short stories by an American writer, Mr. Mark Schorer, who has a brittle, effective style and a kind of trimmed-down method of expression which accounts for the brevity of these tales and certainly helps to give them an acuteness of point. Most of these stories are quite slight and many of them end on what I believe his compatriots call the downbeat, leaving the reader guessing but not always waiting for a solution.

This week's thrillers and detective stories are three in number and include such uncommon settings as a psychiatrists' conference, a Californian circus and a central library organisation. ROLES AND RELATIONS (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.) is by Dorothy Sarmiento and makes a good deal more sense than its blurb would allow, since this refers to "a murder story, agreeably set in a country house . . .", and has, surely, a very odd choice of adverb. The plot is well-conceived, but it is in the interchange of views between psychiatrists and the contrast of their methods with those of Scotland Yard that the real interest lies.

DEATH IN GREASE-PAINT (Crime Club. 10s. 6d.) has been written by someone who quite evidently knows a great deal about circuses from the Big Top to the smallest and worst-tempered midget and made me regret, once again, my lack of sympathy with this form of entertainment. In spite of which I could see that Mr. Stuart Palmer has described circus life in loving detail and that he has thought up a very original murder.

Charity Blackstock is a young novelist with a comprehensive understanding of library and filing systems who tells the story of a young librarian who writes novels in her spare time and sometimes in her working hours. DEWEY DEATH (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is concerned with violent death in more or less academic circles: an organisation which supplies universities and other bodies with text books and information.

SHORTER NOTICES

The four-masted sailing ship *Moshulu* was the largest of the dozen or so sailing vessels still engaged in the grain trade when Mr. Eric Newby joined her at the age of eighteen. THE LAST GRAIN RACE (Martin Secker and Warburg. 21s.) is the story of his apprenticeship during the closing days of sail and the part he played in the last race ever to take place. The book is illustrated with photographs by the author.

Mr. Ralph Nading Hill's WINDOW IN THE SEA (Gollancz. 18s.) is the chronicle of the famed Marine Studios in Florida. Liberally illustrated, it tells of the difficulties met with in setting up the vast aquarium where all the species live together and of subsequent problems that arose once the tanks were filled. The observation of marine life will interest scientist and layman.

A mine of information and a wealth of anecdote lie in the pages of THE BRIDGE PLAYER'S BEDSIDE COMPANION, edited by Albert A. Ostrow (The Bodley Head. 20s.). Apart from the serious study of the game, which is never neglected, the book contains articles by Somerset Maugham and such leading bridge players as Charles Goren and Lee Hazen.

The spirit of the "Borders" and their people and the history of the feuds and battles that raged there in past centuries have produced an admirable theme for Madge Elder's book, TELL THE TOWERS THEREOF (Robert Hale. 18s). Neither a history nor a guide-book, it inclines more to myth and romance.

MEN AND GARDENS (Hogarth Press. 21s.) is the title of a new book by Nan Fairbrother. The aim of the author is to show how and why men have found a persistent happiness in their gardens throughout the ages. The pages are studded with apt and pertinent quotations from the gardening books of many centuries.

Mr. Fred Merfield has been described as the greatest white hunter in Africa. The story he has written in collaboration with Harry Miller, GORILLAS WERE MY NEIGHBOURS (Messrs. Longmans, Green. 18s.), is one not easily surpassed for excitement and courage.

This year's PICK OF PUNCH (André Deutsch. 15s.) offers the customary collection of satire and lunacy that one has become accustomed to look forward to with annual expectation. It is edited by Nicolas Bentley with a foreword by Malcolm Muggeridge.

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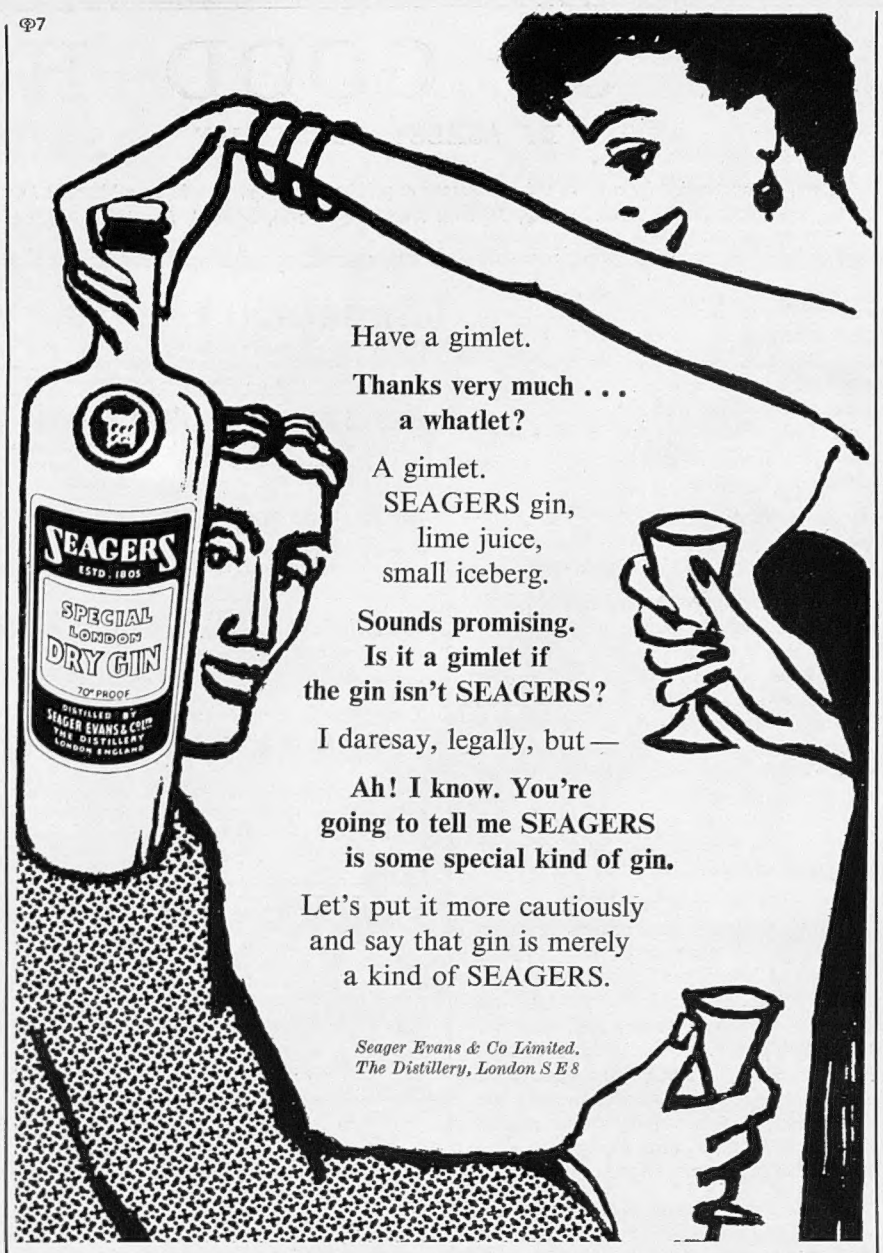

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

NEXT year or, better still, this autumn have a holiday in Norfolk. The air has a healthy tang. The east coast is the drier side of Britain and even this miserable summer of 1956 has not daunted the spirits of Norfolk's holiday-makers, who have been more concerned with boating, sailing, fishing, bird-watching, golf, tennis, and other outdoor sports and pastimes than being solely dependent on hot sunshine and warm seas. (Actually, this year some Norfolk resorts have been able to crow over their less fortunate south and south-western competitors in respect of hours of sunshine.)

Another good point in favour of Norfolk is that there is far less traffic on the roads. You will never find, as we have experienced in other areas, cars and coaches at certain points bumper to bumper at a week-end.

My wife and I have recently returned from a four-day tour of the Norfolk coastline, with Norwich and King's Lynn as the centre-pieces of our trip. Turn up the map and it will be seen what excellent focal-points they are. At Norwich we stayed, as we have done before, at The Castle. It shines with good points. A really silent lift of the latest automatic pattern serves each floor as well as the Grill Room and Cocktail Lounge on the lower ground floor. Much detailed thought has gone into the bedrooms. Many have their own bathrooms. All have most comfortable beds and, to save space, writing tables built into the walls with plentiful supplies of paper and envelopes. One feature which particularly impressed us at this modernised Castle was the comprehensive breakfast menu and the expeditious manner in which our orders were taken and meals were served.

The Globe at King's Lynn pleased us equally as much. Until a year or so back, this once posting inn and commercial hotel was hanging on to a slender shoe-string of past repute. Then a new company was formed and, under the virile and experienced direction of Mr. Eric Gerhardt (Swiss, with considerable British hotel experience), a policy of rehabilitation was undertaken. So, to-day, The Globe is bringing increased credit and renown to the Royal borough and ancient port of King's Lynn. Among points which impressed us at The Globe were the attractive "Cherry" cocktail bar, the pleasant and efficient staff throughout, the varied choice on the menus, an intelligent interest in wines, the radio-cum-intercom. system by our bedside and—an example of the personal touch—biscuits with our early-morning tea and the morning papers with the compliments of the management.

Starting our perambulation of the Norfolk coast from Norwich, time did not permit us visiting Great Yarmouth, though it should be noted for those seeking accommodation there that The Victoria Hotel is under the same directorate as The Castle at Norwich.

Our first call was on Mr. Kenneth A. Temple, progressive proprietor of The Chalet Hotel, Winterton-on-Sea, which, in his view, occupies the finest position on the Norfolk coastline. Certainly its position is unique, with a great expanse of sand-dunes and sandy beach in front. Many people, including myself, have criticised the name of "Chalet," which possibly suggests a holiday camp, so for the 1957 season Mr. Temple is renaming the hotel "Hermanus." Those who know South Africa and the present Chalet will recognise this has a definite connection, as Hermanus is a well-known sea resort in Cape Province and the present Chalet Hotel has been likened in layout to some South African hotels. It is an ideal holiday hotel for the family man with young children, but you will have to make early enquiries if you are interested for 1957.

Our next objective was Overstrand, a small and selective next-door neighbour of Cromer. Here will be found a small and quite charming hotel, Overstrand Court, which is owned and personally run by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Bodill. Though closed from October to Easter each year, its shady and sheltered location make it a delightful headquarters for a spring or early summer holiday.

We had planned to journey out to The Feathers Hotel at Holt, ten miles inland from Cromer, of which we had good reports, but a heavy thunderstorm dampened our ardour and we were glad to seek the spacious shelter of Cromer's Grand Hotel. "It is an ill wind . . .", for on entering the dining-room the cold buffet excited the gastric juices and we needed no second bidding to enjoy the fresh crabs for which Cromer is so famous.

Next we came to West Runton, where we revisited an old favourite, Monksmead, a guest house personally run by its owner, Mrs. Brooks. Standing on a knoll behind the village, we never fail to be impressed by the charm of Monksmead and its lovely colourful garden. At the foot of the village we made a new discovery—Roseacre Country House Hotel, under the personal supervision of Mr. Crawford Smith and his sister. Roseacre is one of the few Norfolk coast hotels that is open all the year round, so for those seeking an autumn holiday or even winter residence it might well be considered. Three magnets of attraction are (i) its full south aspect; (ii) the varied and excellent fare and (iii) no demur about breakfast in bed whenever you feel like it.

We spent the night at The Blakeney Hotel at Blakeney, where we were once again able to experience the efficiency and friendliness of its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Paquot. Here we were impressed with the very good type of teen-agers, both boys and girls, who were spending holidays with their parents. Sailing was their principal pastime, and whether they liked it or not, fathers had to act as willing ballast!

Prior to setting off for King's Lynn (unfortunately we had to miss out the excellently-run Ingoldisthorpe Manor Hotel near Sandringham owing to a minor breakdown in our car), we lunched at The Dormy House Hotel, Brancaster, where golf is the main activity and topic of conversation. In the club-like atmosphere of the cocktail bar we met three separate couples who told us personally how much they were enjoying their stay there. This we put down to the fact that Commander Freeland, the resident proprietor, allows much elasticity in meal hours, so there is always time for the nineteenth hole, the twentieth and even the twenty-first—after that it is not policy to count!

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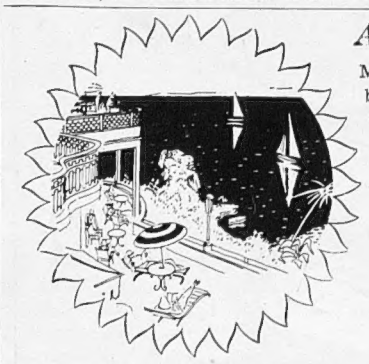

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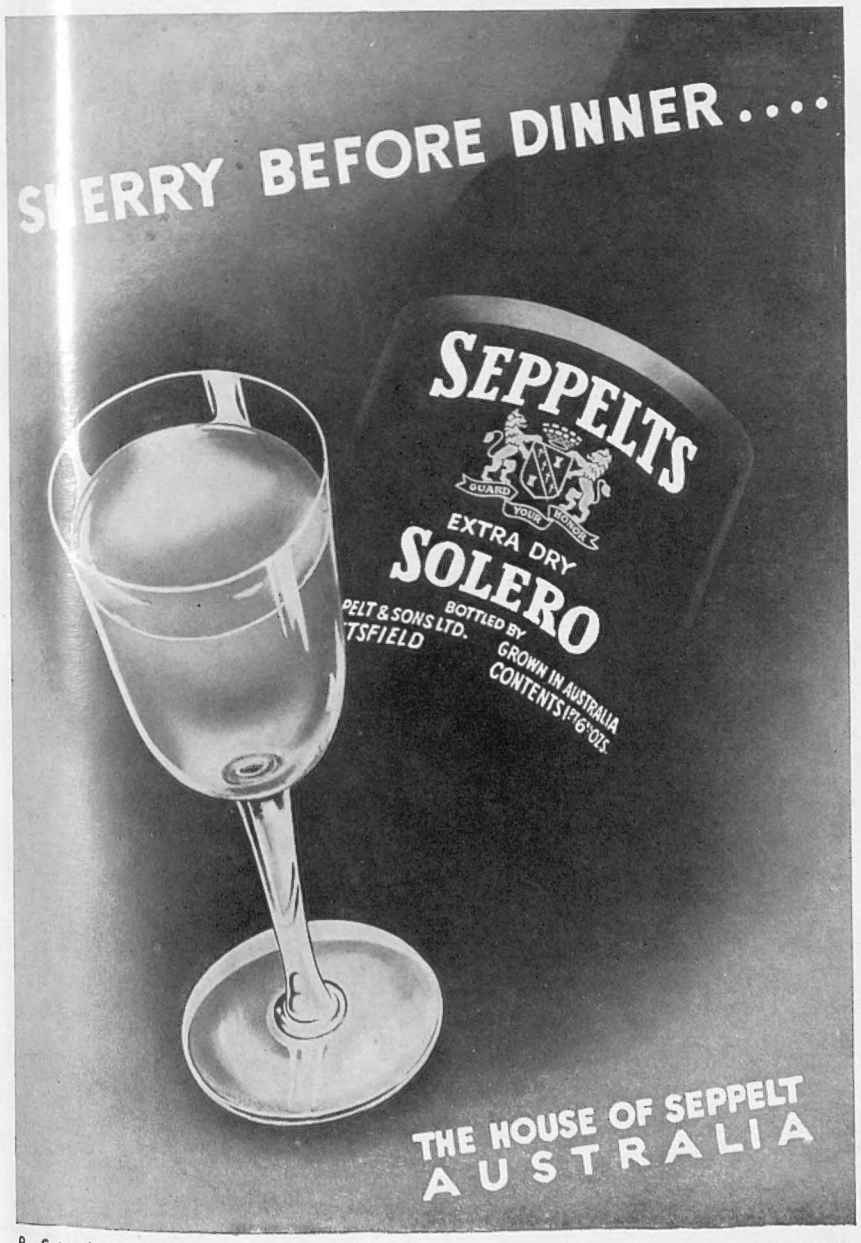

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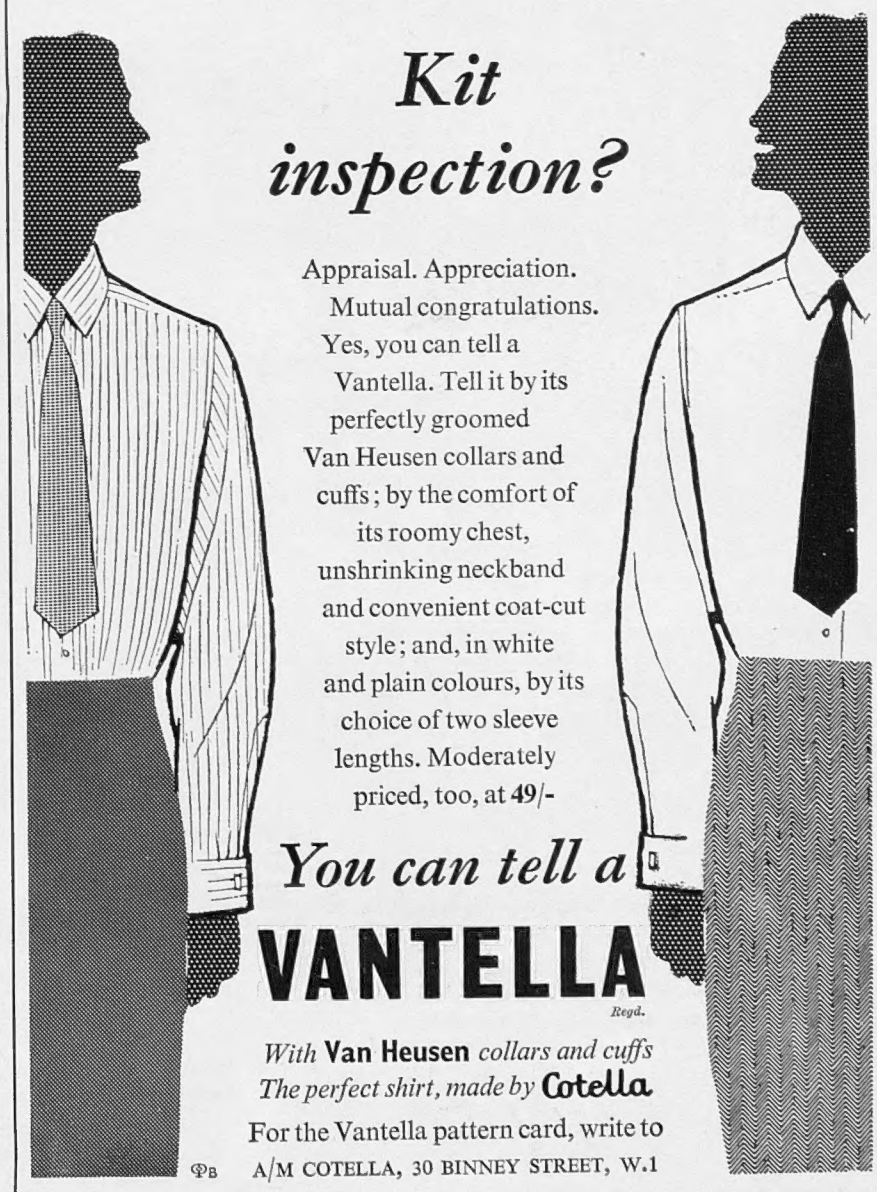

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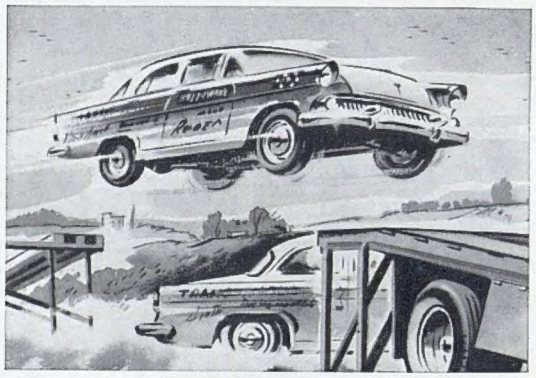
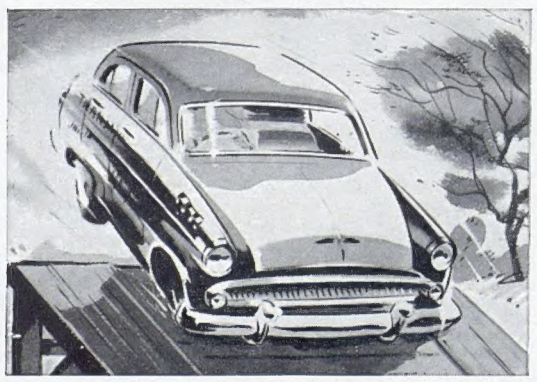
Close up shows the punishing impact-distortion on Goodyear Tubeless.



The climax of all tyre-torturing stunts — Spectacular 60 m.p.h. leaps from ramp to ramp.



Car crash lands on ramp, pounding its Goodyear Tubeless. The tyres held fast!

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No air loss! No punctures or bursts! No tyre failure of any sort! These amazing facts were revealed after brutal tyre tests on Goodyear Tubeless by daredevil stunt drivers. They tried everything – crashing two-wheel drops from feet-high ramps to skid turns at high speed. But the tyres were undamaged. Think what it means to have tyres like this on *your* car. You could drive with peace of mind, knowing that Goodyear Tubeless is built to be trouble-free, to take a terrific beating and to give greater safety, easier steering, more riding comfort, *longer mileage.*

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with Goodyear Tubeless because the tyre itself is made completely airtight by Grip-Seal Construction, a unique and exclusive Goodyear process. Tubes and the tyre troubles they cause are done away with.

GOODYEAR TUBELESS COSTS NO MORE THAN AN ORDINARY TYRE AND TUBE

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1956. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.